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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 29
EDITORIALS:
- Toward a New Party 32
- Another Railway Plan 33
- Honesty Is Not Enough 33
- Papa Joffre 34

CALIFORNIA'S SUN GOD. By Duncan Aikman 35
ON THE GERMAN FRONT. By Oswald Garrison Villard 37
HIGH SCIENCE AT WASHINGTON. By Paul Y. Anderson 39
THE MOSCOW TRIAL. By Louis Fischer 41
WE MET MR. HOOVER. By Amos Pinchot 43
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 44
AN EXPLANATION: LOANS AND REVOLUTIONS 45
CORRESPONDENCE 46
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 47
BOOKS, DRAMA, MUSIC:
- Poets. By Frances M. Frost 48
- So Did King Canute. By Henry Hazlitt 48
- Human Predestination. By H. S. Jennings 49
- Petticoat War. By Cuthbert Wright 50
- A Pepys in Wall Street. By Benjamin Stolberg 50
- A Strange Career. By William MacDonald 51
- Books in Brief 51
- Drama: A Tirade Against Tabloids. By Heywood Broun 53
- Music: Whither Tonality? By Arthur Mendel 54
- Architecture: The Bright Lights. By Douglas Haskell 55

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CONGRESS REASSEMBLES with a busy eight weeks ahead. On the first day the Senate, without a record vote, amended the House resolution appropriating $45,000,000 for drought relief by adding $15,000,000 specifically to make loans for food, its action being hastened by the reports of "dire need" in Arkansas. The Senate also adopted a resolution introduced by Senator Hiram Johnson calling on the State Department to produce all official documents bearing on relations with Nicaragua since 1924, while Senator King introduced a resolution demanding the withdrawal of the marines from that unhappy country. Senator Walsh of Montana filed motions to recall and reconsider the nominations of George Otis Smith, Claude L. Draper, and Marcel Garsaud as federal power commissioners, attacking sharply their action in dismissing Solicitor Russell and Chief Accountant King, whom he characterized as "two loyal and faithful servants of the public." As certificates of confirmation have been sent to the White House and the commissioners have been sworn in, it is reported that the Administration is prepared to challenge the Senate's constitutional right to withdraw confirmation. Altogether, there seems to be promise of a lively eight weeks on Capitol Hill. One cannot envy the sensitive Mr. Hoover, who faces not only all these difficulties, but the dread specter of an extra session to boot.

THE SPECTACLE of 500 farmers, nearly all of them whites and many of them armed, swarming into a little Arkansas town and demanding food for themselves and their starving wives and children ought to arrest Mr. Hoover's attention. These Arkansas farmers, it appears, have been hard hit by the drought, and so general is the distress that the Red Cross, which is already feeding or otherwise aiding some 100,000 people in the State, expects to have 250,000 on its hands before the winter is over. In order to obtain relief, however, it has been necessary for the sufferer to fill out a questionnaire, and in the county in which the demonstration we have referred to occurred the supply of blanks had been allowed to run out! The embattled farmers, of course, or some of them, got what they demanded—the local merchants hastily decided to see to that—and the Red Cross, presumably, will pay the bill, but a loudly touted relief system which allows hundreds of men and women in a recognized and easily accessible area to approach starvation because of red tape is pretty urgently in need of reformation. Mr. Hoover is a stout champion of the committee system in relief work. He might do well, in view of the work which has been undertaken by the Red Cross in the drought area, to examine the Red Cross machinery for more loose screws.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS, of Princeton University, is the latest critic to demand a curb on the Senate. According to press reports, Professor Myers is so dissatisfied with its handling of foreign affairs that he calls for a constitutional amendment reducing its powers to the same limits as those of the House. Would Professor Myers really favor leaving the management of our foreign relations to the uncontrolled discretion of the President and the Department of State? What all the critics of Senatorial delays and general Congressional ineptitude have in the back of their mind is the supposed benefits of a benevolent dictatorship exercised by a wise and good executive. They want Congress to go home and let a noble President rule us—that is, in the actual situation, to let business have its way. With the House reduced to a rubber stamp for the Administration machine, the Senate has become our sole remaining bulwark against executive blundering and unwisdom. Intelligent and fearless criticism in the Senate has been the brightest feature of American government during the past decade. The lessons of history are learned slowly, even by historians.

PEACE WAS THE THEME of the New Year's Day utterances of President von Hindenburg of Germany and Premier Mussolini of Italy. Each stressed the need for peace and for international cooperation, and each asked that the world have confidence in his country's pacific intentions. Yet there was a distinct difference in the flavor of the two appeals. Mussolini's plea was that of a spokesman for a country that has been spending upon armaments sums so large as to threaten it with national bankruptcy. Italy's preparations for war must be fully con-

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sidered in weighing the sincerity of its spokesman's appeal for peace. President von Hindenburg's address was more of a warning than an appeal. He demanded directly and by inference that Europe show its confidence in Germany by disarming as Germany is disarmed, by restoring the Saar basin, and by permitting the terms of the Young Plan to be carried out in such a way as not to endanger the economic or social structure of Germany. He declared that this was due Germany as a matter of justice, and implied that forces beyond the control of the Berlin government might gravely imperil European peace unless this justice were done. Mussolini has it within his power to keep the peace, but Germany, disarmed and still for the most part desirous of maintaining friendly relations with everyone, must depend upon the rest of Europe not only for a tangible display of confidence and good-will but for an opportunity to develop normally and soundly.

THE FORMIDABLE STRIKE in the Welsh coal mines and the threatened strike in the Lancashire cotton mills come as rude reminders of the precarious state of two important British industries. In its effort to bolster the decrepit coal-mining business, the Coal Mines Act of August 1, 1930, inaugurated the questionable experiment of combining unprofitable mines with profitable ones, with the hope on the part of the government that some 200,000 men in the unprofitable mines would be kept at work. The act also reduced the miners' working day from eight to seven and one-half hours, but with a "spread-over" provision by which the seven-and-one-half-hour day might be changed to an eight-hour day for five days and a five-hour day on Saturday. This latter arrangement, which is favored by the operators, has been rejected by the miners, who have also refused to accept any reduction in wages, and some 150,000 men have joined the ranks of the unemployed. The threatened strike in the Lancashire district is due to the efforts of the cotton-mill operators to reduce production costs by requiring a weaver to tend more looms. Both coal and cotton have suffered severely from foreign competition, and the Coal Mines Act and the "more-looms-per-weaver" policy represent attempts to "rationalize" the industries and put them on a more efficient basis. The cotton-mill situation presents another of the technological problems which industry has repeatedly to face. The outlook for the coal mines is clouded by the fact that many mines can now be worked only at a loss, and ought to be closed.

A SITUATION that might quickly become a serious menace to German stability has developed in the Ruhr district as a result of the outlaw strike of miners. The workers have quit the pits, not at the command of the union leaders, but at the behest of Communist agitators. Early hopes expressed by government officials and employers that the strike would peter out within a few days have not been realized. Instead, the miners are quitting work in increasing numbers. There have been numerous demonstrations, followed by several bloody clashes in which two miners have been killed and many others injured. The most alarming aspect of the situation is the failure of the trade unions to keep their members in line, these members apparently being more eager to listen to the promises of the Communists. This is due perhaps to the compromising position in which the German Socialists, whose chief strength is based upon the trade unions, find themselves. Instead of playing the part of an active political opposition, in which role they could be of definite assistance to the workers of the country, the Socialists have been compelled by circumstances tacitly to support the Brüning Government. But the mine workers appear unwilling to accept anything less than an active defense of their interests. The Socialists cannot or will not supply this defense. Hence the attractiveness of the Communists' promises of direct action. The latter obviously hope to capture the leadership of the laboring classes by this means, thereby acquiring a fresh starting-point for another revolutionary attempt in Germany. Meanwhile the mine owners appear determined to make the situation even worse by carrying through their plans for a lockout of 300,000 men on January 15.

CENTRAL AMERICA IS STIRRING AGAIN, much to the discomfiture of the State Department in Washington. The recent restlessness in the Isthmian countries has led to a revival of Congressional criticism of the Central American policy of the government. It has, moreover, put a new strain on the State Department's already overworked recognition policy. The latest disturbing event is the revolution in Panama. An early morning surprise attack on the presidential palace and the Panama City police station (Panama has no army) brought victory to the revolutionists, who appeared to have been inspired primarily by their political opposition to President Arosemana. What role, if any, the government's financial policy, which was some time ago criticized in a report by the National City Company, played in the revolution has not been determined. Parts of the report have been suppressed by the government. After order was restored, Don Ricardo J. Alfaro, Panamanian minister in Washington, was called to the presidency. Meanwhile Mr. Stimson is once more confronted with the onerous task of having to decide whether or not to recognize a government that has come into power with the aid of a revolution. The Panama situation is complicated by the fact that the revolution was the direct result of the 1928 elections, which the opposition asked the United States to supervise. The United States refused, and the opposition has now seized power by violence. A further complicating factor is the Panama Canal and its relation to the national-defense policy of the United States. No government of Panama against which the slightest suggestion of unfriendliness to Washington may be ascribed can reasonably hope for recognition. Panama is, therefore, a special case; nevertheless, this newest crisis has served to reemphasize the need for a sound and intelligent recognition policy.

GENERAL MANUEL ORELLANA, who seized the presidency of Guatemala on December 17, has hastened to solve the dilemma in which his action placed the State Department in Washington. Secretary Stimson had just a few months previously recognized new governments in the Argentine, Bolivia, Brazil, and Peru that had come into power by similar means. He explained at the time that the United States was free to follow a policy of expediency in recognizing revolutionary governments, being morally obligated to withhold recognition of such governments only in the case of the five Central American states. Hard upon

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the heels of this declaration came Orellana's coup d'etat. Mr. Stimson could not very well show himself less friendly to this revolutionary regime than he did toward the similarly constituted governments of South America, yet his emphasis on the obligations of the United States under the Central American treaty of 1923 made it quite inconvenient for the State Department to accommodate Orellana. Mr. Stimson decided therefore to withhold recognition, and the acting Guatemalan President, being apprised of Washington's predicament, promptly responded by resigning his office. Thus the State Department has been relieved of what promised to be an embarrassing dilemma. The moral seems to be that South American states may decide for themselves what sort of governments they will have, but the Central American countries must in this respect please Washington first.

EIGHT MORE MARINES have been killed in Nicaragua. The battle on December 31 near Ocotal (scene of the outrageous massacre of more than 400 Nicaraguans on July 16, 1927) also cost the lives of 11 more natives. Thus the Stimson peace of Tipitapa continues to bear tragic fruit. In all some 800 to 1,000 Nicaraguans and upwards of 40 American marines have died in the fighting that has followed Mr. Stimson's threat of May, 1927, forcibly to disarm all Nicaraguans who dared violate the Tipitapa agreement by refusing to surrender their rifles. Just what is the purpose of Washington in keeping the marines in Nicaragua? Just what important section of the country's foreign or national-defense policy is being furthered by this senseless slaughter of American youths and Central American peasants? Certainly the bankers cannot be entirely to blame. They have displayed unusual prudence with regard to Nicaragua these last three years. Nor can it be said that the clash at Ocotal had anything to do with American supervision of elections. No elections were being supervised in Nueva Segovia on December 31, and no elections are scheduled for that province for many months to come. The need for maintaining marines in northern Nicaragua as a guaranty of peace and order may be questioned at many points. The senseless slaughter cannot be excused on the ground that the marines are needed to help create a native national guard or must be kept in Nicaragua to guard the wholly hypothetical route of a canal that the United States may build some fifty or one hundred years hence. How does Secretary Stimson justify their presence?

THE ENGINEERING BOARD of the St. Lawrence Power Commission has proposed a plan for the construction of a great power plant at Massena Point, New York, to cost $171,547,000. It recommends construction in two steps, ultimately developing 2,200,000 horse-power at a cost of about $78 per horse-power. The commission, it will be recalled, is to recommend a plan for the development of St. Lawrence power by the State in accordance with the progressive policies urged by Alfred E. Smith and Governor Roosevelt, and the engineering report represents only the first technical step. The entire country will watch with interest for the announcement of the full plan in order to learn just how far the commission ventures to go not only toward development but toward the transmission of power by the proposed State agency. If the State actually controls transmission, and if the municipalities by additional legislation are authorized to go into local distribution if they so desire, then New York may conceivably get effective control of power rates. It is a safe guess that the bitterness of power-company opposition will be directly in proportion to the probable effectiveness of such control.

A YOUNG ITALIAN named Cero Gangi, unable to speak English, was walking a street in Boston on June 11, 1927, with his employer, Samuel Gallo. A shot was fired and a man in front of them was killed. Gangi ran, was caught, and was accused of committing the murder. Gallo sent a lawyer to defend him, and Gangi, trusting his employer, kept silent. But he was convicted of murder, although there was no motive and nobody had seen him fire the shot. Fortunately Gangi had a brother in New York City. He couldn't speak English, either, but he went to Boston and did more than the police or prosecuting officials had done. He learned that the man shot had been accompanied by a girl who had formerly lived with Gallo. She said Gallo had done the shooting. A reprieve was granted to Gangi just four hours before the time set for his execution. Subsequently Gallo was convicted of the murder, and Gangi was finally freed after three and a half years in prison. The American League to Abolish Capital Punishment has just issued the story of Cero Gangi in a pamphlet which makes an effective object lesson in the ways of justice in this country, and one of the good arguments—there are many others—for the speedy and complete abolition of capital punishment.

THE PUBLIC-RELATIONS COUNSEL of the Catholic church has been working overtime. Thus we see a very long, front-page story of what will be contained in the encyclical that Pope Pius will issue shortly. This is a serious story and declares that the church, in view of the laxity of morals now alleged to be current, is to reiterate its ancient, uncompromising stand on marriage, divorce, birth control, mixed marriages, and the religious education of children. When it refuses to permit its religious principles to be modified by the current *mores,* the church is admirable. A rock should stand; and the church, in its best moments, is a rock. Less serious are the other news stories emanating from Vatican City. One is that the Pope is presently to be the owner of the smallest railroad in the world, 600 feet long, so the story goes, with a magnificent station in it 180 feet long. This leaves, according to our best Einsteinian calculations, 420 feet of road, or about the distance from Fourteenth to Sixteenth Street, to be divided between the other station and the roadbed proper. The road leads from the Papal palaces and St. Peter's out into the world, and the Pope is to have his own private car in which he will be whirled along, foot after foot. Finally, the Vatican State is to have power of coining money. The silver coins are to be imprinted with the images of the Virgin, St. Michael, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Pope himself. The gold coins are to be even more impressive. They are to have, in addition to a bust of the Pope, the figure of Christ holding a scepter and a globe. A handsome coin, by all accounts. But somehow it reminds us of the money changers who were driven out of the temple. Evidently that particular quarrel has been patched up.

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Toward a New Party

FOR a generation there has been in the United States no political opposition worthy the name, and the thing goes from bad to worse. The Republican Party as a national organization has for decades been the obsequious servant of the great moneyed interests of the country. It represents adequately, if not too intelligently, that immense body of Americans who believe that the country is best served if governed by its great business men, and who therefore favor leaving both economic and political control in their hands. Though we do not share this belief, we hold it desirable to have one great conservative party embodying the idea, and to have all the men who accept it belong to that party. The rest of us belong elsewhere. The Republican Party could do no greater service to clear political thinking than to put out that body of progressive dissenters who in greater or less degree reject that doctrine. Of course it will not put them out, because votes count. Dissenters are on the whole more useful inside the party than outside.

Democratic opposition to Republican big-business conservatism has collapsed completely. Historically it has represented during recent decades the small-scale capitalism of the farmer and the little business man. As big business waxed, Democratic opposition waned, and in recent years party leaders have been at special pains to convince the dominant business leaders that Democrats are no less tender of big-business susceptibilities than Republicans. When Al Smith committed the party to protection, the last abject surrender was made.

In practical politics there remain, as a possible opposition, the progressive or insurgent members of both parties, notably the Republican Senators. They too represent a decadent capitalism—the farmers, the small manufacturers, the retailers beset by chain-store and mail-order competition. They come from the unlamented ex-Senator Grundy's "backward States," the States untouched by large-scale industry. From Dolliver to Norris they have obstructed and annoyed the ruling Republican overlords, fighting courageously a series of more or less isolated battles. An opposition group with a philosophy, a program, and an effective organization they have never become, and the abortive attempts at revolt in 1912 and 1924 only emphasized the basic weakness of their position. They have fought a splendid battle against the oncoming forces of big business, but they have lost because there lay back of their fight no adequate economic and political philosophy.

Today repeats the story of yesterday. The Progressives are doing some splendid fighting in good causes, in which they will continue to command our hearty support. But when all is said and done, their work remains, as Professor Dewey rightly pointed out, guerrilla warfare. It is not constructive political opposition. They remain Republicans, only a little less so. The political leadership which, as we pointed out last week, the country has a right to expect of them involves a basic change of ideas of which they have given no evidence. We clearly recognize the difficulties confronting them, and give them full credit for the highest motives. Nevertheless, in tying themselves to the old organization they cut themselves off from the new movement and indicate that they do not belong in it.

There has been just one consistent and intellectually respectable political opposition group in the United States during the twentieth century. The Socialist Party has had a philosophy, a program, and an organization. It did not hesitate in 1917 to court temporary extinction in defense of its principles, but it is again actively at work. It suffers as a vote-getting organization from its name, its foreign origin, its war record, admirable as that was, and from other handicaps that are likely, in our judgment, to prevent it from growing directly into the powerful party that the time demands; but certainly no small part of its program will have to be taken over by any party that is worth its salt, and any intelligent new movement will necessarily seek its friendly cooperation in the difficult task of political education that lies ahead.

What, then, if any, is the hope of a new alignment, one that will bring back reality into political contests? What are the "grass roots" from which any such movement must grow? What are the constitutional and other obstacles that stand in the way of creating such a party? These are important questions, to which we shall attempt to make some answer in our two next succeeding issues. Here we can only say that the hollow pretense of our present political life need not continue indefinitely. The relentless march of industrial growth is making it clear to increasing millions of men that their economic stake is a stake as workers and not primarily as owners. Here is a basis for real modern politics.

The American Federation of Labor, as it is at present organized, stands in bourbon opposition to labor politics, and it assumes to speak for all labor. The Gompers-Green machine has got to be smashed to bits and the labor movement has got to be freed from its outworn and deadening ideas if there is to be such a party as we have suggested. The opponents of the machine have their work cut out for them if organized labor is to play its necessary part in the new movement. But beyond organized labor there are other classes. There are millions of non-union workers. There are farmers who want to make a living by their work on the land, and who can no longer hope to grow rich by the increase of land values. Among the unorganized classes are many groups of white-collar workers and of professional people already thoroughly disgusted with existing parties. They will never find a congenial home in organizations whose primary concern is the preservation and enhancement of property rights for the benefit of the few. It is to a party representing the needs and ideas of such groups as those above suggested that we look as the only means of accomplishing by peaceful methods the great changes that are necessary in our economic and social order. If there is to be a new party it must be one that means business, that proposes to build, not to tinker. It will not come into existence overnight, and it cannot be built in a day, but the need for it was never more apparent than now.

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Another Railway Plan

IT is by no means certain that the announcement by Mr. Hoover, on December 30, of a tentative plan of railway consolidation for Eastern trunk-line territory holds the promise of an early settlement of the long controversy over the consolidation of all the railways of the country. The details of the plan are not fully known, and after they are known the Interstate Commerce Commission will have to pass upon them. All that Mr. Hoover was able to say was that representatives of the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, and Nickel Plate had agreed upon a plan for the consolidation of the railways in what is known as official-classification territory, except New England, and that the four systems proposed embraced the territory east of the Mississippi and included the Virginian Railway on the south and the New York Central on the north. The presidents of the four roads, in informing the commission on January 2 of the general nature of the plan, mentioned a number of short lines, whose control has been debated, upon whose allocation the presidents had agreed, and it has also been announced that the question of traffic rights for the Pennsylvania over the Nickel Plate into Buffalo, a concession to which the New York Central has hitherto strongly objected, would be submitted to arbitration.

The agreement cuts athwart so much of the so-called final plan of consolidation promulgated by the commission in 1929 as provides for a fifth Eastern trunk line to include both the Wabash and the Seaboard Air Line, and the commission, if it approves the plan, will apparently have either to drop its fifth system or modify it materially, and at the same time will be obliged to withdraw certain orders which it has aimed at alleged violations of the anti-trust laws. The Pennsylvania, which owns the Wabash, and the Baltimore and Ohio, which owns the Western Maryland (a road which, with the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and Wheeling and Lake Erie, forms a line from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic), have been ordered to divest themselves of those properties. These controversies will have to be adjusted, and the proposed allocation of the Virginian, the Norfolk and Western (controlled by the Pennsylvania), the Chicago and Alton (recently purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio), and other lines will have to be reconsidered.

On its face, the agreement has the appearance of a step in advance. Unfortunately for Mr. Hoover, however, in his effort to help answer one question he has contrived to raise others that seem likely to plague him. Senator Couzens of Michigan, chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, who is exerting himself to secure early passage by the House of a resolution, which has already been passed by the Senate, postponing consolidation until the subject can be further inquired into, promptly charged that the issuance of Mr. Hoover's statement was "most unethical," and expressed doubt whether the commission could be expected to exercise an independent judgment with the President enthusiastically supporting the proposed plan. Senator McKellar of Tennessee has also had some sharp things to say against Mr. Hoover for "prejudging" a matter of which the commission was as yet uninformed. The criticisms would have been more to the point, perhaps, as far as public effect goes, if the commission had not allowed eight years to elapse after the publication of its tentative consolidation plan in 1921 before it completed the final plan made public in December, 1929, and if the record of the subject since 1923 had not been a dreary story of fruitless conferences of railway officials, opposition by the commission to consolidations which the railways favored, and, in general, an official attitude which suggested indifference when it did not intimate hostility. Yet Mr. Hoover should have known that the commission, even if dilatory, is not likely to have its temper improved by an executive pronouncement which practically takes one of the most important parts of the consolidation program out of its hands and confronts it with a preliminary agreement which the President, with much earnestness and evident satisfaction, publicly approves.

If at this point Mr. Hoover has, to put it mildly, been maladroit, he is entirely unconvincing when he presents the agreement to the country as "a contribution to the recovery of business by enlarging opportunity for employment." The only benefit to employment, apparently, will come through electrification or other improvements, the development of terminals, or the construction of a small amount of trackage, and at none of these points can the benefit be immediate. Most consolidations, moreover, turn out in the end to have diminished rather than increased employment, and reports of Senator Couzens's interviews with President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio make it reasonably certain that the railway personnel, while perhaps protected against immediate reduction by discharge, would eventually be much reduced. On the whole, it is to be feared that Mr. Hoover, instead of aiding business recovery, has only confused still further a situation already difficult and disappointing.

Honesty Is Not Enough

WHY has the Senate never seen fit to make better use, in the interest of more efficient government, of its privilege and its duty of controlling Presidential appointments? The Senate itself is best qualified to say why it has not done so. Our concern is with the fact that this action has resulted in the filling of many important and influential government offices with incompetent persons, misfits of various descriptions, all for the sake, not of good government, but of political patronage. Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution states specifically that Presidential appointments shall be made "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." There is no implication here that the Senate is required to confirm any and all White House appointees, whether or not fit for the offices to which they have been appointed, unless some scandal or other can be traced to them which would make it politically unwise to confirm the appointments. Yet this is exactly the course the Senate has been and still is following. It seems to care not one whit whether the man nominated by the White House is qualified for the job; if it can find no dirt in his past record with which to besmear him, it feels obligated to confirm his nomination.

There is a striking recent example of this benevolent but detrimental attitude in the Senate's confirmation of the five Power Commission appointees. Referring to Frank

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McNinch, whose nomination should certainly never have been confirmed, the Baltimore *Sun* on December 19 asked: "What, one may be disposed to inquire, does Mr. McNinch have by the way of technical qualifications to handle the extremely complicated job he will face as a member of the Federal Power Commission? Alas, the answer is that the committee failed to go into that matter. It was so much consumed by interest in Mr. McNinch's political and religious qualifications that the qualifications peculiar to the job went largely by default." The Senate as a whole gave the same answer in approving the nomination of Mr. McNinch and his four colleagues. Nowhere on the record is to be found any suggestion that the qualifications of these men had been established. It was to be expected that the regular Republicans would vote to confirm the five nominations, but that the Progressives should have joined in this blind expression of love for the patronage privileges of the White House is saddening and discouraging. True enough, they broke forth in aggrieved indignation when three of the new power commissioners summarily dismissed Charles F. Russell and William V. King from the employ of the commission, but the Progressives who voted for the commissioners took to weeping rather belatedly.

Laymen among the liberals of the country had their hopes raised when the Senate sought to inquire into Charles Evans Hughes's qualifications to sit on the Supreme Court. There was in this gesture an indication that the Senate had at long last decided to exercise its constitutional prerogative and insist upon stricter control of Presidential appointments in behalf of the public interest. The hope went still higher when Judge Parker was rejected, even though it was fear of the Negro and labor vote rather than any conscientious examination into Judge Parker's qualifications that brought about rejection. In the present session of Congress, however, the new-found hope has been smashed to bits upon the hard reality of political patronage, Senatorial courtesy, and Progressive inertia.

The Senate still has before it an excellent opportunity to redeem itself. Among other nominations awaiting confirmation are those of six men to the new Tariff Commission and that of Eugene Meyer, Jr., to be governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Here are several government offices of vital importance to the nation. The tariff commissioners can, for example, restore some semblance of sanity and economic sense to the administration of the tariff, or they can, on the other hand, make that administration more ridiculous and unsound than it is today. It lies wholly with the new commissioners as to whether some of the glaring deficiencies of the latest tariff law are to be corrected. Similarly the Federal Reserve Board's influence over the financial machinery of the country is a matter of utmost concern to the public, particularly at this time of financial depression. All of these positions require men not only of unimpeachable integrity, but with an intelligent understanding of the public interest involved in the questions they must decide; the jobs need men who are not only honest, but thoroughly competent. Certainly we do not want the Senate to confirm Presidential appointees as to whose integrity or character there may be any question, but before all else we do insist that even honest men must be proved competent to hold the jobs to which they are nominated before the Senate consents to their appointment.

Papa Joffre

JOFFRE is dead, and oceans of war-time sentiment have been set to moving again. The fact is, and the French today recognize it, that Joffre was not a very great general, but he became the symbol of a great battle. What Joffre did at the Marne seems to have been largely accidental; but he was the commander-in-chief of the French armies, and he became the symbol of French tenacity, the man who stopped the Germans.

In a very real way Joffre was a fitting symbol of French tenacity. He was "Papa" Joffre to his soldiers, a fat, comfortable human being, no martinet, with a sublime and sometimes unreasonable faith in France. He was, to be sure, capable of ferocious jealousy of aspiring subordinates; he also had the capacity to inspire intense loyalty among his immediate inferiors. It may be true that he took amazingly long siestas when his troops were giving up their lives; at least he had none of the stiff-backed qualities which made other commanders loathsome to the privates.

Controversy will probably rage about the details of the battle of the Marne as long as there are antiquarians with zeal to study battles. Certain facts remain: Joffre had for three years before the war been in supreme command of the French forces, and he was responsible for their course at the outbreak of the war. They concentrated, though most of us have forgotten it, upon a silly little invasion of southern Alsace. When the Germans poured into northern France, the *poilus* who should have been on guard there were proudly capturing Mülheim. Joffre was devoted to "Plan XVII," and Plan XVII was an almost fatal mistake.

Nor does it even appear that Joffre had any immediate responsibility for the events which turned the tide on the Marne. When he first woke from his interest in Alsace he made a vain attempt to turn the German flank. The failure of that effort seems to have made him unduly cautious. He ordered his troops to retire farther than they did retire; it was Gallieni, who had suggested Joffre for the high command but later became his bitterest enemy, who discovered the weakness in Kluck's flank, demanded permission to attack, and finally started his troops against the Germans before he had Joffre's final slow permission.

But, after thirteen days of steady retreat, the French armies, which Joffre did command, did counter-attack and they forced the enemy back of the Marne and held them there. Joffre held the line, and the war-time propaganda built the battle of the Marne into an even greater victory than it was, and Joffre into a greater hero. A time came when a more vigorous leader, more apt for the offensive, was required; and Joffre was gently eased upstairs. His mission to the United States, on which he behaved with fitting kindly dignity while others did the negotiating, was a kind of balm for removal from army headquarters.

In the later years Joffre, comfortably spending his vacations houseboating on the canals and rivers of southern France, was an ideal war hero. The fierce personal animosities of Foch and Clemenceau did not beat about his head; he ate well and slept long, as every French peasant aspires to do, and the rest of France loved him for it.

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California's Sun God

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

Los Angeles, January 2

A NEW sun will rise in California on January 6. It will be distinguished from other solar bodies in that gold-drenched land by a rosy portliness flavored with the more expensive barber-shop lotions. Its illuminations will often suggest the glamor, the professional geniality, and the circus monkeyshines of modern royalty. But royalty's offensive quality of pomp will be buried under endearingly democratic mannerisms suggesting an Exalted Ruler of the Elks. The new orb's name will be James Rolph, Jr., but all California will call it Jimmy. Its title will be governor.

There is, one recognizes, a certain metaphorical recklessness about comparing any American State governor to sunlight. But Jimmy Rolph, gubernatorially speaking, promises to be uniquely luminous. It is not only that, judging by his nineteen years' reign as mayor of San Francisco, he radiates rather than governs. He sheds also many of the beneficial effects of solar radiation—cheerfulness, good-will, the sense that the world is full of gay and decent fellows regardless of minor differences of customs and opinion, the energy to live merrily in one's own way and the tolerance to let others do likewise. The fat Ariel of Pacific Coast politics belongs, diagnostically, among the creatures of light.

Solar bodies, to be sure, have their limitations as public officials. With all their admirable qualities, they are essentially unmoral and unintellectual. They are shamelessly content to let the power trust supply light for the philosopher's studies, and they shine platitudinously upon both the just and the unjust. In their light a man may do murder, grow prunes, falsely imprison his fellows, or, worst of all, press wine grapes. Suns merely shine on, satisfied to hearten each for the business in hand.

Thus Jimmy Rolph's harsher critics—thousands of whom voted for him in last summer's primary and last fall's election—have sometimes accused him of possessing all the virtues except brains and moral courage. But there are times in a sovereign State's history when it can use the remaining virtues to its profit. California, whose vote in 1930 abundantly testified that it wanted Jimmy Rolph for a sunbeam, has chosen to experiment in this possibility.

The desirability of the Rolph qualities to California appears most clearly in contrast with the prejudices and rancors in the State's political background. For a variety of reasons, ever since the irruption of Senator Hiram Johnson into prominence more than twenty years ago, the public consciousness has seethed with an unusual number of phobias and punitive hatreds. Johnson himself, though unquestionably one of the ablest and most useful governors in the history of any American State, necessarily fought his fight against corporate privilege and the domination of the Southern Pacific in State affairs with bitter and bruising weapons. Many of the enmities inspired by his battles still smolder.

In the meantime, new contentions have been added. These are not necessarily peculiar to California but sharper in their manifestations than in most States. Owing to the ceaseless exploitation by ultra-conservative leaders and labor-baiting zanies generally of the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times* building in 1910 and the San Francisco Preparedness Day outrage, the State has enjoyed for more than half a generation an acute phobia with regard to all radical activities. The hundreds of thousands of expatriate Main-Streeters rushing into Los Angeles and its suburbs from the Middle West pietistic belts, hating the urban conditions which their mere swarming has created, have sought to fix the *mores* of the new metropolis, and to some extent of the State, in the forms of their rustic prejudices. They have brought about, so far as Southern California is concerned, a situation where sadistically drastic prohibition laws have been enforced in a city of 1,300,000 people by volunteer key-hole snooping, where a "reform" administration under an ex-Klansman mayor is conducted by espionage on the private lives of city employees, and where the strongest recognizable political force on the horizon is exercised by the back-fence gossip that is broadcast tri-weekly from the radio station of the Reverend Robert P. (Bob) Shuler. Naturally, these elements have inspired in liberal San Francisco and among their own opponents in Southern California something of the hostility which they themselves feel for all forms of liberalism.

Inevitably, governors and gubernatorial candidates have reflected these widespread antipathies. The Johnson battles were won with bludgeoning attacks and bitter phrases rather than with amiability, and when Johnson departed for the Senate in 1917, his hand-picked successor, Stephens, largely carried on the tradition that Californians who disagreed were natural enemies. In 1922 the anti-Johnson forces won the governorship with Friend W. Richardson, who with the savage mustaches, mannerisms, and something of the appearance of an irate bull walrus did everything in his power to establish a reputation as America's outstanding amateur fascist. Richardson was never happier than when praising the American "idealism" of the Klan-ridden ex-Iowans in Los Angeles, denouncing any defense of the constitutional rights of unpopular minorities as "truckling to the reds," and refusing to consider the pardon applications of Mooney and Billings on the ground that when criminals were found "guilty as hell" by the courts of California, that settled it.

In 1926 Clement Calhoun Young, a somewhat milder specimen of the Johnson progressivism, came into office. But Young attempted to fuse the contentious elements—to which was shortly added the Hoover-Johnson feud in Republican politics—by the one impossible solvent, slyness. With the professionally benign smile of a canary-swallowing cat, Young sought for four years to be for both Hoover and Johnson and, after giving ostensible consideration to the Mooney and Billings applications, finally passed the buck of this passion-stirring issue to the archdukes of tory timidity on the State Supreme Court. Thus, the Young slyness, while it aroused a good deal of personal detestation for a personally mild and otherwise fairly efficient governor, failed in its aim of inducing the contentious California factions to tolerate each other. Its outstanding result was to create among the shrewder voters of all shades of opinion just enough suspicion

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of Young as the trimmer who knew better, to sweep the renomination away from him in the August primaries. With him went down to defeat the amazing Buron R. Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles—flag-waving Legionnaire candidate of the snooping fascism of the Shulerites on the one hand and on the other of the Harry Chandler–Los Angeles *Times* lodge of labor-baiters. While Governor Young, sweating terror over the liabilities of the Mooney case, dashed up and down the stairs of the State building in San Francisco making sure that the Supreme Court was still holding that sack of potential embarrassments, and while Fitts bragged expansively to women's clubs and church bodies of the thousands of years of prison terms his office had obtained for prohibition violators, "Sunny Jim" Rolph milked cows, kissed babies, rode white stallions in civic parades, rigidly deleted all forms of crusading sourness from his genial campaign platitudes, and captured a comfortable plurality in a three-cornered primary.

It is hardly a famous victory, but it has certain advantages. Crusading, a genuine, almost an epic activity of California leaders in the Johnson days, has degenerated into racketeering in the cheaper mob prejudices. If Fitts had won, it would have been a symbol that California regards "crusading" against reds, against Italian wine-makers, and against petty business men entrapped by their stenographers as its highest manifestation of Christian statesmanship. If Young had won, it would have signified that it regards as the acme of astuteness an executive who, in his abject terror of racketeering crusaders, dared not make his own decision on the Mooney case lest the Fitts-Richardson combination assail any show of reasonableness as "truckling to the reds." Rolph, unless his whole record belies him, will give the State a respite from this form of political agitation. Also, if his urbane silence in the face of campaign charges that he was a wet Beelzebub is a criterion, he will give opposing crusaders no undue advantages. Though this may be regrettable from the standpoint of various California abuses which still need to be crusaded against, it may also prove the surest means of restoring crusading to a respectable status.

All this is consistent, however, with the strong probability that there is not the slightest intellectual consciousness in "Sunny Jim" either of determination not to crusade or of any resentment against crusaders. In fact, in these large matters of method and policy, the Governor-elect functions hardly at all from the intellect but almost wholly from the center which he refers to in his campaign speeches as "the heart." Emotionally and psychically he has a "complex" against crusaders because they intrude disagreements and censorious viewpoints into a society which could be perfectly happy agreeing on fundamentals, sinking its minor differences, and letting its members seek pleasure and profit each in his own way in the perfect California climate.

For the essence of the Rolph political method is to promote the warm atmosphere of harmony and tolerance. Thus during his campaign last summer not a word escaped him of criticism of his opponents or their "issues." Thus his nineteen years as mayor have been a series of conciliatory and once or twice daringly friendly gestures. The hysteria of the Mooney-Billings trials and the period following the Preparedness Day bomb explosion found him evasively genial, but at least he left to the Chamber of Commerce Law and Order Committee the work of arousing the community blood lusts. Prohibition found him indifferent, but he blandly refrained from racketeering in the prejudices of either the wet or the dry side, and, with complete control over his police department through his power of commission appointments, proceeded, as though absent-mindedly, to permit San Francisco to enjoy her traditional drinking liberties. Partly, perhaps, because of his personality, the era of religious hatreds engendered by the Klan largely passed San Francisco by. It was, incidentally, during the height of the Klan excitement that thousands of his Protestant supporters, seeing him march by in a Shrine convention parade, learned for the first time that Jimmy Rolph, intimate of Catholic prelates, was a non-Catholic; though this might have been suspected from the fact that previously the unusual tribute had been paid him of election to honorary membership in a Jewish synagogue.

In strictly executive achievements the record has the same non-controversial flavor. The projects he has backed, notably municipal street-railway ownership and the development of Hetch Hetchy water and power, have usually developed signs of an overwhelming public popularity before his indorsements were forthcoming, and on the rare occasions when he has picked a loser he distinctly has gone down to no fighter's defeat. Mainly, when controversies have been unavoidable, he has left the business of agitation to his board of supervisors—county and city government in San Francisco are one—and retired into his normal role of a genial friend to all mankind who reigns without governing.

The Rolph principle of action, in short, is not so much to agree with his adversaries as to have no adversaries at all. Thus his exploit in receiving Communist unemployment-day demonstrators last March while police from New York to Los Angeles were clubbing them is to be regarded not entirely as a subtly planned means of compelling national attention and hardly at all as a venture in conscious liberalism, but simply as Jimmy Rolph's way of trying to find a basis of friendship with Communists. "Sunny Jim's" impulse to "get along" with all men, including despised minorities, had simply won another victory.

Under the circumstances, California must expect from him radiation rather than leadership. Though he can hardly sympathize with the Hoover prohibition views or the Hoover impulses toward the administrative guidance of social progress, no politician is less likely to lead a revolt against the Great Engineer in the Presidential home State. Conversely, if revolt should be successfully staged by an alliance of the Johnson faction with the wets and the disgruntled grape-growers, no politician would be less likely to die heroically in the Hoover trenches.

There is not at present, either, the slightest ground for expecting that he will encourage a reopening of the Mooney-Billings case. In the face of the Supreme Court's recent nominal settlement of this issue it would, indeed, take a governor of memorable courage and battle lust to do this, and courage is not Jimmy Rolph's long suit. Stalling off controversies is. No doubt on his genial side Rolph would be happier than any other governor since the explosion if he could obtain a popular mandate or a Supreme Court decision which would permit him to assert the innocence of both celebrated prisoners. He would be pleased, perhaps, if, apart from the question of their guilt, the whole State could be persuaded that their release was desirable as a good-will

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prescription. But with the ultra-conservative element rejoicing in the Supreme Court's stand and the charges of the Los Angeles *Times* that the whole pardon movement has been a money racket aiming at subornation of perjury, universal popularity for such a formula is not even remotely conceivable.

The best that can be logically expected of him is that he will avoid doing anything, in the Justice Preston–Los Angeles *Times* manner, to inflame the animosities of the Mooney case. For with all his deficiencies, Jimmy Rolph will not, in the traditional manner of California statesmen, persecute individuals, unpopular minorities, or despised opinions to win the votes of the prejudice blocs. He would rather dodge issues, conciliate antagonists, and gladhand his enemies. Shining from the new eminence in Sacramento with the combined glow of his pink-fat baldness, his silver mustaches, his fresh gardenia, and his immaculately polished boots, giving a royal show by his incessant progress through civic parades, fair openings, and cornerstone layings, he would rather shed a cheerful light than slay dragons.

In Jimmy Rolph, however, this preference is saved from utter inanity by the quality of emotional sincerity. Those who know him best realize that, though his amiability has been employed politically, he would be the same chronic baby-kisser, the same delighted and habitual parader, the same would-be intimate personal friend of the entire California electorate if he were a Trappist father, a certified public accountant, or a laboratory chemist. This gregarious yearning toward the affections of all mankind, this chronic gladhanding may not, in ordinary circumstances, furnish an adequate technique for statesmanship. But California, where twenty years of cheap crusading has added materially to the population of local hallucinatory monsters, can use these peculiar qualities to ease down her phobias.

On the German Front

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, December 17

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"—but not in Berlin. Nobody had ever heard of Erich Maria Remarque until his book appeared and sold to the extent of one million copies in Germany alone. Now the German government, plus one Dr. Goebbels, National Socialist, has added enormously to his fame by forbidding the movie version of the book—and thereby has antagonized every liberal and every liberal element in Germany. Indeed, so disheartening is the action of Brüning and Herr Curtius that there are those who fear that the date of the beginning of the collapse of the German democracy will be December 11, 1930, and that the fate of this Republic will always be linked with the banning of a single film.

For, say what you please, the forbidding of "All Quiet on the Western Front" has been a surrender to the mob. It is notice that if organizations or parties do not like a certain play or production they need only demonstrate sufficiently to have their will. I am well aware of the government's defense, for I listened for three-quarters of an hour to a very high official trying to convince the foreign-press correspondents of the justice of his position. He was very glib—almost eloquent. He showed at once the complete ease and self-possession of the trained lawyer and he pleaded his case with near-eloquence and obvious sincerity. Yet I do not believe that he convinced a single listener or that any foreigner left the room with his opinion that the government has yielded to the Hitler gang being changed one iota. Indeed, privately I am told by officials that that is really the case; that the Prussian police could have insisted successfully that the performance go on in Berlin, but that in Hamburg, Hanover, Leipzig, and many other cities this would have been impossible.

It certainly cannot be denied that the outpouring of men at the Nollendorf Platz Theater was as menacing as it was impressive. Americans must not forget that Germany today is a series of armed camps. There are nearly a million uniformed and well-organized men in the Stahlhelm, the militaristic veterans' organization; there are about three and one-half millions in the Reichsbanner, the republican organization of war veterans and young men who consider themselves the special guard of the Republic. There are at least 500,000 brown-shirted Hitlerite Hakenkreuzler, 300,000 in the secret Communist "Red Front" organizations, and fully 700,000 in the loyal "Young German Order" and similar associations. Not a day goes by but some of the men in these organizations are killed or wounded, not a day on which some of their meetings are not broken up by force. Force is the order of the day. For example, the Reichsbanner, with whose aims all republican readers of *The Nation* would surely sympathize, has openly declared within the last week that from now on it is going to take the aggressive. Thus, in Magdeburg, where Hitler is scheduled to speak soon, its leaders have served notice that they will do a little interfering with free speech and free assembly themselves. They have served notice on the "Nazis" that Hitler will be permitted to speak only if 300 seats in his meeting are given to the Reichsbanner and if one of its speakers shall have the right to orate for one hour in reply to Hitler! The head of the police has called the leaders on both sides into consultation and it is now expected that he will forbid both the Hitler meeting and the one planned by the Reichsbanner for the same evening, on the ground that they both menace the public order.* So far has the anxiety of the Berlin police gone that all outdoor public assemblies, all demonstrations, all marching in column formation has been forbidden. Not even the unemployed are permitted to march to the city hall to protest against their plight.

Germany is seething politically—there can be no question of that. Two nights ago there were four simultaneous Reichsbanner meetings to protest against the banning of the Remarque film. The one that I attended was crowded to the doors, with a fine orderly crowd of working people and small shopkeepers; a prince of ancient lineage sat upon the stage in the Reichsbanner uniform. Long before eight

* The Hitler meeting was duly forbidden.—Editor The Nation.

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o'clock the police barred entrance into both halls because they were dangerously crowded. The Hitler meetings are jammed similarly and would be, I think, even if there were no orders issued to the faithful to attend. On the streets outside of these meetings, even in the center of the city with large numbers of police in readiness, there are frequently dangerous affrays. Tomorrow night the former executive officer of the cruiser Emden, Kapitän-Leutnant von Mücke, one of the most gallant figures of the World War, is going to start to denounce Hitler, his associates, and all his works, of which he, von Mücke, was formerly a distinguished part—concerning which he now proposes to turn state's evidence. No more lurid posters were ever displayed than those announcing this meeting, for they declare that von Mücke will "tear off the mask" and reveal that many of Hitler's immediate supporters are "thieves, liars, falsifiers, and men guilty of crimes against morality." It is generally expected that this will be a battle royal—I profoundly regret that a previous engagement in Munich will prevent my attending this delightful party.

Meanwhile, all of this is very hard upon the nerves of the government and of the "Schupos" or police. Night after night in every city these men have to do extra and hazardous duty—a police colonel was murdered in Hamburg two weeks ago. They are nice-looking men, spotlessly uniformed and extremely well equipped. I watched them handling the huge and really menacing Hitler demonstrations—undoubtedly staged as a test of the efficiency of the Berlin Hitler shock troops—and admired their self-restraint. When it comes, however, to sailing into a mob with their hard-rubber clubs, they are accused of brutality and lack of discrimination; but one of the highest officials in the land declared to me that the police have orders to be savage when the order to disperse a crowd comes and that no other policy will make possible the maintenance of order or keep the Republic safe.

The Republic does rest today upon the force of the police and it is admitted that the Minister of the Interior, Herr Severing, has them well in hand and that they are zealously loyal. Whenever a higher police officer shows the slightest sign of friendliness to the "Nazis," he is rigidly dealt with. None the less, the Communists complain that the "Schupos" refuse them aid when they are attacked or raided by the Hitlerites, while the latter also violently denounce Herr Severing and his "police-hounds." The "Schupos" are certainly not the least bit weak in dealing with the Communists, who appear today much less aggressive than the other groups. I have also been to some of their meetings only to be shocked by the signs of want, fatigue, and hunger, the poor clothes, the utterly pallid faces, the plain evidences of a desperate struggle for life, with much resultant premature aging.

Yes, Berlin seethes. The Germans, unlike our own people, talk and think in political terms—largely driven to it by the all-prevailing anxiety, the fear as to the future, the terrible unemployment; by the hope that somewhere they will hear a word of cheer and encouragement. "Hugenberg is our only hope," writes to me the wife of a distinguished university professor. There are multitudes who find in Hitler, or Goebbels, his aggressive Berlin lieutenant, or Otto Braun, or Severing their only hope. For Germany *is* discouraged, downhearted, dispirited this Christmas. There is a good fighting spirit still in many quarters, but the prevailing unemployment alone is enough to discourage a people, for it is not only among the unskilled or the skilled factory laborers. Suicides of destitute men of education and talent who have no hope of a job are frequent; in every class of life the emergency exists. I heard yesterday of a young diplomat dropped merely for reasons of economy. Although much influence has been exercised in his behalf, he is without work. Nobody knows what to do with the multitudes who are graduating from the universities as doctors and lawyers. The Berlin chamber of lawyers (which corresponds roughly to our bar associations) came very near passing a resolution forbidding the admission to practice of any more lawyers!

All the more reason why the government must not yield to any such threats as those which caused the banning of "All Quiet on the Western Front." The official defender to whom I listened gave us, of course, to understand that there was no yielding; that he had seen the film—he himself spent four years at the front—and that it was so one-sided and failed so completely to bring out the heroic side of war and of the German soldier in war that it was quite impossible. It was, however, all his own reaction to the film; what he liked and disliked. Not a word did he say about the deep underlying principles involved; nothing about the freedom of the stage and of opinion. He was sorry, of course, that it had been necessary to overrule the *Oberprüfungsstelle,* the competent body of censors which originally passed the movie.

He was particularly anxious that the government's point of view should be spread abroad, and that it should be made clear that the government's action had been started before the Hitler disorders began; as to them he snapped his fingers. It is carefully explained also that the federal government has no control over the *Oberprüfungsstelle* and cannot act until after it does; but the government could easily have prevailed upon the producers not to show the film at all, even if it had to offer some compensation. There are but few signs here, unfortunately, that Germans in authority have a better understanding than heretofore of foreign mentalities. Apparently this official did not realize that this film had already been shown in the United States, England, France, and elsewhere in the world, and that no sane person, except supersensitive German Hitlerites or militarists, or persons with wrecked nerves, could possibly see in this picture anything derogatory to the German soldier or the German nation whether at peace or at war. It was a magnificent opportunity which the government lost, not only not to yield to the demagogues but to increase respect for itself at home and abroad and to let people see for themselves how false were the assertions of Goebbels and the whole Hitler crew. But the thing has been done; the government is completely compromised. The Social Democrats, the backbone of the government's support in the Reichstag, are rising in protest, and Goebbels has made good his boast of two days before the banning, that "Hitler is at the gates of Berlin."

Meanwhile, Brüning has come comfortably through the Reichstag's second session with increased majorities, thanks in considerable degree to the agreement not to debate upon the Polish situation and other aspects of foreign affairs. As to both the latter, there must be a day of reckoning, and it is now confidently believed that Curtius will go and that there will be a new minister of foreign affairs by the middle of February—probably Brüning himself. The feeling of

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outrage toward Poland steadily increases. Even the Reichsbanner leaders are beginning to demand the release of the Polish corridor, and the government naturally seeks to cut the ground from under the feet of the "Nazis" by becoming more vigorous in defense of oppressed German minorities. It remains a government of compromises, fighting against time in the forlorn hope that in the spring there will be greater industrial employment—as if that could come in any great degree without a general improvement all over the world. The politicians who are pessimists still look for a collapse in the spring; some say frankly they don't care what happens: "Europe is lost anyway."

Somehow, I cannot share their feeling. Europe has, it is true, never been in as bad a way since the war as it is now because of the war-creating, hate-creating Treaty of Versailles, because of the reparations and debts, the high-tariff walls, the world-wide industrial chaos and depression. But to anyone who saw Germany as I did during the civil war of February and March, 1919, during the invasion of the Ruhr and the inflation period, it is not easy to prophesy any general collapse either of Germany or all Europe. They suffer and work and get by somehow. But he would be a fool indeed who denied that wherever one scans the horizon the outlook is of the darkest.

High Science at Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 3

IT is very appropriate, remarks one New York editor, that the announcement of the proposed consolidation of Eastern railroads should have come from the White House, anointed with Mr. Hoover's blessing. It is, indeed. Only a President who is a comparative stranger to the Constitution and laws of the United States could have perpetrated such an incredible howler. In pronouncing the President's action "unethical and indiscreet" Senator Couzens has put the matter mildly. It was a glaring impropriety, as the briefest glance will disclose. The proposed plan must be approved or rejected by the Interstate Commerce Commission. That body possesses no powers not delegated to it by Congress. It is a quasi-judicial agency and is expected to arrive at its judgments independently. Yet here it is confronted with one of the most far-reaching cases it will ever be required to decide, and here is the President publicly stating, in effect, how he would like to see it decided. The situation would not be so very different if the President had issued a public statement suggesting that he would like to see the Supreme Court decide a pending case in a certain way. The main difference would lie in the fact that while Interstate Commerce commissioners and Supreme Court justices are alike in owing their appointments to the President, the justices are secure for life but the commissioners may depend upon the President's good-will for reappointment. It has been suggested that Mr. Hoover's action in this matter was a deliberate attempt to usurp legislative and judicial powers which do not belong to him. Being more charitable, I am inclined to think it was a plain blunder, arising from his peculiar lack of information concerning the structure of the federal government and the powers and duties of his office. As to the merits of the proposed consolidation, this writer is not qualified to express an opinion, but certain circumstances seem significant. President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio—one of the main systems involved in the plan—has stated that 80 per cent of the savings expected to accrue from it would "come out of labor." In order to approve it, the commission will have to reverse itself, since it previously recommended a fundamentally different plan. Joseph B. Eastman, ablest and best-informed member of the commission, has stated that little or no sentiment for such a consolidation can be found among shippers and railroad-operating officials, which tends to confirm Senator Couzens's charge that the moving impulse back of the plan is a concern for the financial position of some of the roads rather than any consideration of operating efficiency or public interest. It is perfectly obvious that the consolidation should not be effected until it has been thoroughly scrutinized by Congress. The Van Sweringens and their financial adviser, Joseph R. Nutt, have contributed large sums to the Republican Party since 1928. Nutt is treasurer of the Republican National Committee. Senator Couzens is not alone in wishing to know whether those circumstances had any connection with President Hoover's extraordinary course. Such an investigation is hardly possible unless there is an extra session of Congress, and Mr. Hoover, who desires above all things to avoid an extra session, has characteristically contrived to increase the demand for one.

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THAT demand is likely to be further increased during the next few days. Among the factors contributing heavily to it is the neat coup just executed by the power trust in a bold eleventh-hour attempt to wreck the Norris plan for government manufacture and distribution of electricity from Muscle Shoals. Although apparently licked by the outcome of the last election, it was to be expected that the power companies would not surrender without staging a final trick or two. The trick in this instance consists in a proposal to strike from the bill the provision for building transmission lines out of revenue derived from the sale of power. This would mean that unless Congress subsequently appropriated money for the construction of these lines, or unless the municipalities seeking to purchase the power built them, the privilege of transmitting and selling the power would be given to a private company. The first alternative would be very difficult and the second would be impossible. The actual result would simply be the perpetuation of the situation which exists now: to wit, one in which the government manufactures power and sells it at a very low rate to the Alabama Power Company, which transmits and retails it at enormous profit. And, of course, the resultant extortionate rates to the public would immediately be cited to show the "inefficiency" or "failure" of government operation! Senator Ellison Smith of South Carolina, hereto-

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fore one of the most militant champions of the Norris plan, has mysteriously been won over to this transparent scheme, but thus far it is blocked by the resolute stand of Senators McNary and Norris. The latter declares that rather than submit to such a hold-up he will do his best to block all action until the next Congress meets. This would have the double tendency of delaying a final settlement of the problem and of hastening the meeting of the next Congress. That an extra session is urgently required is quite plain. Chiefly because of its long occupation with the tariff bill Congress is approximately two years behind in its work. A dozen matters of the first magnitude clamor for action. For Congress to throw down its tools on March 4 and retire from the scene merely because a few gentlemen believe the stock market would improve would be a cowardly and ignominious betrayal of its responsibility. But Democrats will be found joining hands with Old Guard Republicans in the effort to consummate just such a betrayal. The hope of the public lies, as usual, in the progressive and independent members of both parties.

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SO much has been written already about the exposure of Robert H. Lucas's underhanded effort to defeat Senator Norris in the last election, and about Lucas's subsequent effort to read Norris out of the Republican Party, that the subject tends toward staleness, but it may be possible here to shed additional light on certain aspects. In the first place, it is perhaps not generally realized that the conspiracy to "get Norris" was launched nearly a year ago—long before the savory Mr. Lucas resigned his office as Commissioner of Internal Revenue (in which capacity he handled some $2,500,000,000 a year of public money) to become executive director of the Republican National Committee at the urgent personal insistence of President Hoover. Collaborating in the early stages of that delectable enterprise were certain power magnates and certain public officials whose relations with the White House were especially intimate. Thus we find William Murray, an employee of the National Committee, conferring in Omaha with Walter Head, chairman of the board of the Nebraska Power Company, on ways and means of getting rid of Nebraska's Republican senior Senator, and subsequently we find Murray transmitting his detailed report to Representative Franklin Fort, bosom friend and all-round handyman for Mr. Hoover. There are indications, moreover, that the campaign of extermination was planned to include Senator McMaster of South Dakota, Senator Schall of Minnesota, and Senator Borah of Idaho, three Republicans whose progressiveness was only less obnoxious to the Administration than Norris's. McMaster actually was defeated and Schall barely scraped through. It will be seen therefore that Lucas inherited a dirty piece of business, and merely carried it on. By this I do not mean to suggest that it was repugnant to him. On the contrary, if one were looking around for someone to perform such a job one would naturally turn to a "muscle man" of the Kentucky Republican machine, that malodorous combination of bigotry and big business. Those who accompanied Al Smith to Louisville during the 1928 campaign and found themselves harried and harrassed on the streets by the police because they happened to be wearing badges which identified them as members of the Smith party can testify to the political ethics in vogue there. Lucas merely practiced in Nebraska the lessons learned in the Louisville school of politics. In the literature which he sent out to be used against Norris was a cartoon depicting a scene from "Ten Nights in a Barroom." The testimony shows it was regularly kept in stock at the plant of the Fellowship Forum, generally regarded as the national organ of the Ku Klux Klan, where Lucas secretly went to have his printing done. It was used in the campaign against Smith, and had been used in other campaigns. In short, it was a standard piece of Klan propaganda. In addition to sending 10,000 copies of it to Nebraska, Lucas sent 790,000 copies to Montana, Colorado, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, and Delaware, but in these six States it was used against Democratic nominees for Congress. It is rather encouraging to note, incidentally, that all the Senatorial candidates against whom it was directed were elected. Nevertheless, the origin and history of the anti-Norris vendetta is ample to explain why Mr. Lucas has not been kicked incontinently out of his job. So long as he continues to "take the rap" like a little man he will be fairly safe.

* * * * *

THIS brief report on conditions under "the only party fit to govern" would be incomplete without some mention of the lofty activities of the Honorable Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States in the Cabinet of the Great Administrator. By ruling that the presence of corn sugar (dextrose) in prepared foods need no longer be declared on the label, the glorious Mr. Hyde has weakened if he has not substantially repealed an important section of the Pure Food Act. It is interesting to observe that his principal justification of this high-handed procedure is based on his desire to "aid agriculture"! It is still more interesting to learn that when this same subject was before the Senate Committee on Agriculture a year ago, Secretary Hyde said:

> Corn sugar and artichoke sugar are regarded by the department as wholesome food products. There is not only no objection by the department to their use as foods, but a sympathetic attitude exists toward their increased consumption. It is the belief of the department, however, that the proposed amendment is repugnant to the fundamental principles of food legislation. The Supreme Court has properly said that the purpose of the federal Food and Drug Act is "to enable the purchaser to buy food for what it really is." To permit the sale of corn sugar or artichoke sugar under the circumstances proposed by this bill would authorize the sale of such products as an ingredient of prepared foods where the purchaser would be definitely deceived and perhaps defrauded. Undoubtedly it would authorize the adulteration of cane syrup, maple syrup, and honey with corn sugar or corn syrup, without notice to the consumer.

Congress, partly influenced no doubt by this vigorous protest, failed to adopt the amendment. Just one year later Secretary Hyde himself puts it into effect through an administrative ruling, over the strenuous objection of virtually all the experts qualified to judge the effects, including those in his own department! It is a fair epitome of administration as practiced under the Only Scientific Mind to Occupy the White House Since the Age of Science Came to Flower.

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The Moscow Trial

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 9

THE chief purpose of the state prosecutor in a higher Soviet court is not to convict the defendants. Nikolai Krylenko, the Russian Attorney General, did not care much whether Professors Ramzin, Larichev, Kalinnikov, Fedotov, Charnovsky, Kuprianov, Ochkin, and Sitnin hung as the result of the striking trial which ended three days ago. He sought to prove that the defendants, acting under the inspiration and guidance of expropriated Russian industrialists now residing in Paris and of French agents operating in Moscow, organized an illegal party, colluded with another clandestine party—that of Kondratiev, Groman, and Yurovsky—engaged in sabotage and "wrecking" at home, served as spies for the French government, and laid plans, together with French and White Russian military, to invade the Soviet Union and overthrow the Bolshevik regime. In reality, Poincaré, Briand, the French General Staff, Sir Henri Deterding, and a group of dispossessed capitalists sat in the dock in the gorgeous Home of the Trade Unions, and not the eight academician-economists. Counter-revolution, both foreign and domestic, was on trial. The fate of Ramzin et al. was quite incidental. The G. P. U. has the authority to deal with such people summarily. It did not do so because the Soviet Government wished to prevent the fruition of its enemies' plans or desires by disclosing them, and to arouse the defensive enthusiasm of its supporters and the resentment of the indifferent by revealing the far-reaching, sinister, anti-revolutionary, anti-nationalist machinations of the conspirators. War and intervention stimulate terrible memories in Russia. The charge of preparing such catastrophes was hurled at Ramzin, who was but the proxy for Poincaré.

All the defendants confessed and, with a Dostoevskian passion for self-accusation, piled up mountains of evidence of their own guilt. The outside world, therefore, suspected a "frame-up." But the confession psychology of the Ramzin group is quite intelligible. When the G. P. U. arrested them, it had what it considered heavily incriminating proof of their espionage and "wrecking." If, like the honorable revolutionaries of pre-1917 days, they had refused to talk, they would have been shot. There was one chance of escape: to tell the whole story, unmask Moscow's enemies, and thus perhaps earn the Kremlin's clemency. Moreover, the facts revealed at the trial are too plausible—in cases, susceptible of demonstration—to be discounted. Inevitably, of course, "tortures" in the secret "dungeons" of the "Cheka" have been charged, but the supposed victims showed no signs of mistreatment.

The evidence deposed at the twelve-day trial is of far greater importance than people as yet realize. It will affect, and will be used to affect, both Soviet internal and foreign affairs. Several things are not open to dispute:

The defendants had established a secret political party which boasted a central committee and nuclei in almost every branch of industry. Its chief strength was in the State Planning Commission (Gosplan), the nervous system of Soviet economy. What was all this for? The membership was recruited almost entirely from middle-aged or old engineers whose sympathies, social tendencies, and politics were deeply, often violently anti-Soviet. Ramzin explained that he had received the Bolshevik Revolution with cold hostility, had refused to work with the Bolsheviks during the period of military communism, had adopted a policy of cooperation when NEP gave him the illusion of gradual evolution toward some acceptable form of capitalism, and had abandoned that policy for one of counter-revolutionary opposition in 1927 because the Communists embarked on a course which threatened to nullify NEP. The other defendants, and most engineers of the same type, had acted similarly.

Such membership, and indeed the very existence of the "Industrial Party," precluded any program other than the overthrow of the Soviet Government. The leaders realized, however, that Russian engineers are incapable of directing a popular movement, and that their purpose would appeal neither to the workers nor the peasant masses nor the vast loyal majority of civil servants. Thus, while the party could hope for some assistance from Kondratiev's Peasant Party, its chief sources of support lay abroad. The defendants and witnesses admitted this in court, and gave circumstantial accounts of their contacts with foreign enemies of bolshevism.

Without foreign money and a foreign army, the two thousand technical men whom Ramzin counted as his followers could not kill the Communist regime. They could, however, prepare for the blow from without by interfering with Soviet economic construction. The state prosecutor, of course, may have attempted to charge to the defendants mistakes arising out of bad Soviet methods and Communist "giddiness from success," yet the evidence of deliberate sabotage was overwhelming. Members of the "Industrial Party" constructed factories where no raw materials and railway facilities were available. These factories are known, and their defects are those described by the accused. They built plants to run on coal where there was no coal in the vicinity, but instead great exploitable deposits of peat. Their policy included the "freezing" of capital. The buildings erected under their supervision were excessively beautiful, the stories much higher than exacting Soviet hygienic regulations require, and therefore very costly. They worked against the Five-Year Plan not by insisting on slower tempos, but by being more papal than the Pope, by out-Heroding Herod, by planning for breakneck speeds in the hope that thereby the Bolsheviks would break their necks. Incidentally, American business men and specialists bear witness to deliberate and rather widespread sabotage in Soviet industry.

As a further preliminary to foreign intervention, the defendants engaged in espionage on behalf of France. They supplied information to the French General Staff through two Frenchmen in Moscow, Mr. K. and Mr. R. Mr. K., an attaché of the French embassy in Moscow, sat through almost the entire trial and apparently enjoyed the notoriety and the prospect of promotion for good services. In the middle of 1929, Ramzin declared on the witness stand, Mr. R. asked him for data on Soviet military aviation. Ramzin delivered the requested report within a few months. Ramzin, Larichev,

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and Ochkin saw Messrs. K. and R. several times with a view to passing information, accepting instructions, and receiving money, not so much in payment for spy work as for the "Industrial Party's" organizational expenses and to finance "wrecking" activities. Ramzin here reiterated that he kept none of the sums for himself. He handled about 350,000 rubles, Larichev nearly three times as much.

The concrete proofs of espionage were submitted to a session in camera from which correspondents and the general public were barred, but even without it there is no reason to doubt the affirmations of the defendants and corroborating witnesses, particularly since espionage fits well into the pattern.

Ramzin's, Larichev's, and Fedotov's association with émigré Russian capitalists is as undeniable as their sabotage and espionage. This was accepted even by an American long-distance diplomatic observer of Russia whom I met in Riga and who, like all United States officials on the Soviet periphery, enjoys the best "White" connections. But if you accept any one of the prosecution's theses, you cannot reject all the rest, for Ramzin would never have conferred with violent enemies of the Soviet regime like Riabushinsky and Dennisov unless he was actuated by anti-Bolshevik motives, and such contact with men who publicly advocate the invasion of Russia now, within the next few months, inevitably lends support to the Attorney General's contentions and the defendants' confessions regarding clandestine organizations and subversive activities.

Krylenko amused the big audience in court by reading verbatim the account in a Paris Russian monarchist daily of a banquet given this year in the French capital in honor of Suvorov, a Czarist general. The list of "those present" included several duchesses and dukes, prominent Russian millionaire "Whites," well-known Russian monarchists, the Orthodox Metropolitan Evlogi, and well-known generals of the French Staff, one of whom spoke. Toasts were pronounced for the early collapse of the Soviet state, which faith in God—and the aid of the French army, though this was not mentioned—would certainly achieve. Finally they sang "God Save the Czar," and everybody went home happy.

The Russian émigré colony in France has an eager supporter in Sir Henri Deterding, the heavy-liquid Napoleon. Krylenko introduced into the record two clippings from the Paris Russian newspaper *Rebirth*. One described a celebration of the tenth anniversary of a Russian high school in Paris. It was attended, among others, by General Miller, the chief of the anti-Bolshevik forces at Archangel during the civil war, General Suvorov, Metropolitan Evlogi, Princess Murat, and Countess Shuvalov. Sir Henri said: "The hope of a hasty liberation of Russia, now experiencing a national catastrophe, grows stronger every day. . . . The liberation of Russia may come sooner than we all expect; it may even come within a few months." This was on June 11, 1930. Four days later the same paper contained Deterding's reply to a group of Russian university students who had thanked him for his financial aid. "If you really want to express your gratitude to me," he wrote, "then I ask you to do the following: endeavor, in the new Russia which will arise within a few months, to be the best sons of your native land. . . ."

Now Deterding once made a similar prophecy. In January, 1926, he wrote to the London *Morning Post* predicting the fall of the Soviet Government before the end of the year. This was regarded as the irresponsible muttering of a frantic enemy. But it subsequently developed from a letter published in the *Vossische Zeitung* by the wife of General Max von Hoffmann of Brest-Litovsk fame a propos of the Berlin trial of the Georgian chervonetz forgers, and from a memorandum submitted by the counterfeiters themselves, that in 1926 Deterding several times conferred with General von Hoffmann in London, and together with Commander Locker-Lampson, M. P., discussed definite plans for raising an army to invade the Soviet Union. To Sir Henri's mind, apparently, plans laid by himself warrant a prophecy of achievement. His forecast in June, 1930, of a Soviet overthrow "within a few months" therefore tends to reinforce the defendants' statement that the Paris Russian industrialists in conjunction with the "Industrial Party," and, necessarily, with a foreign army or two, had planned intervention for 1930 or the spring of 1931.

To be sure, such indirect proof might be discarded by a court of law. That is immaterial. The Soviet court which tried Ramzin and his colleagues was a political tribunal directed against a conspiring antagonist. If the Soviet public accepted the proof, and if the proceedings indicated to the foreign plotters that Moscow knew their intentions, everything was accomplished thereby which the trial started out to accomplish.

Now as to the complicity of Poincaré, Briand, and the French General Staff. Technically this was the weakest part of the prosecution's case. The evidence on this point was hearsay: Nobel, Dennisov, Riabushinsky, and the other Paris exiles told Ramzin and Larichev that Poincaré and Briand had promised support, and that the French General Staff had organized a special commission for intervention under the chairmanship of General Janin, commander-in-chief of the Allied and Kolchak forces in Siberia in 1919. Of the French Staff, Ramzin and Larichev actually discussed intervention only with Colonel Joinville and Colonel Richard. They were accompanied on these occasions by General Lukonsky, Denikin's chief of staff, who was groomed to be the titular head of the invading armies. It was through these two colonels that their contacts were established with Messrs. K. and R. in Moscow. According to the defendants' testimony intervention was first scheduled for 1928, then postponed to the summer of 1930, and then again to 1931. Under French aegis, Polish and Rumanian armies would march into Russia; Finland would perhaps cooperate; the remnants of Wrangel's forces would be used. A military dictatorship would be used, a White terror inaugurated, and a government set up. The "Industrial Party" could not quite agree on the composition of their cabinet and drafted several alternative lists. Nor were they certain as to their political program. Some wanted a constitutional monarchy, some a bourgeois-democratic regime, some an "engineers' state."

Neither Ramzin nor any of his friends, however, ever spoke with Poincaré or Briand or any member of the French government. The dispossessed Russian émigrés may have lied when they boasted of their meetings with Poincaré and of his sympathy. The French colonels may have been interested in ordinary military intelligence and prepared to pay for it—they did—but their conversation about intervention was perhaps a device to fire the ambition and imagination of Ramzin, who without the political superstructure would

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have refused to engage in espionage, for he is not the usual type of spy. This, I say, is the counter-version.

Suppose, for a moment, that the German state prosecutor had tried, in 1913, to prove that Poincaré was preparing war against Germany and that the British and French General Staffs had a common plan for action. He would have failed. Could Poincaré be convicted in a law court today? I wonder. Yet most of the official archives have been opened: there are Black, Yellow, White, Green Books, and an increasing body of world public opinion regards Poincaré and France as the chief sinners in provoking the Armageddon of 1914-18. Similarly, it is difficult, if not impossible, definitely to demonstrate Poincaré's and Briand's guilt in the Ramzin affair. Obviously Poincaré is too wise to talk with Ramzin. For Ramzin may tell tales if he is caught.

The political background of the trial—French hostility for the Soviet Government—requires little elaboration. France is *the* Continental power. Only Russia can challenge her hegemony in Europe. The Bolsheviks are a permanent revolutionary and national threat to Poland and Rumania, the mainstays, weak though they may be, of French supremacy. The bogy of Soviet-German cooperation still obsesses Paris—and rightly. Russia is in a stronger moral position even than Germany to demand the revision of Versailles. Moreover, recent signs of a rapprochement between Moscow and Rome make the Quay d'Orsay panicky, for apart from the economic benefits which such an arrangement could, if fully exploited, yield to Italy—France's immediate enemy—it may mean much in the Balkans and Asia Minor.

France, since November, 1917, has not been interested in Russian territorial integrity or in the payment of debts by a strong Russia. France now has Poland, Rumania, and other vassal-allies as a counterpoise to Germany and no longer needs Russia, least of all an undependable Bolshevik Russia. To a France choking with gold, the little Moscow would pay cannot affect higher political considerations. The defendants in the Ramzin trial affirmed that they were prepared, since they had no other alternative, to grant territorial compensations to the nations whose aid would enable them to overthrow bolshevism. They would accede to Poland's demand for large slices of the Ukraine, Finland's for Karelia, and Rumania's for Bessarabia and Odessa. The partition or weakening of Russia must today occupy a prominent place in French policy.

Having made such a case against Ramzin and his seven collaborators and having condemned them to death, why were the sentences commuted? Does not this prove the whole performance a comedy? No, it just proves how little the world understands of Bolshevik psychology. If the G. P. U. had needed the lives of these eight men to convince the public at home and abroad that the trial was not staged, it would have shot them. They were spared for a simple reason: they are harmless and useful. First of all, they have revealed the operations of their own organization and assisted in its destruction. No one fears them. Only a pedant, said Krylenko, quoting Lenin at the trial, would demand capital punishment for men who have no popular support. But they have not told the whole tale. There are technical details of "wrecking" which they can still disclose. They will help to pull up the roots of their party. "When you have the key to a safe," one Russian said to me, "you do not throw it into the well." They will also enjoy considerable freedom to continue their scientific work. Soviet justice is somewhat strange to the bourgeois mind because it is actuated almost entirely by motives of expediency and pragmatism and not at all by motives of revenge.

We Met Mr. Hoover

By AMOS PINCHOT

ON the morning of June 4, 1930, I had a happy and unforgettable experience. As a member of a delegation representing a committee of misguided nobodies, made up mainly of bishops, bank presidents, manufacturers, and the like, I had the pleasure of sitting at the elbow of the President of the United States and hearing him cure bad times and unemployment in about thirty minutes.

It was an awfully hot day for June. But as we waited hour after hour (our appointment was for ten), while companies of high-school cadets, groups of teachers, and girls' clubs marched past us and disappeared on their way to shake the Great Engineer's hand in the inner office, the anteroom seemed cool and comfortable, even though slightly cluttered by Senators and Representatives waiting to talk with Mr. Hoover.

Our purpose, it must be confessed, was an embarrassing one. It was to urge upon the President, whose shoulders were already bowed with matters of far more concern, the need of providing some relief to that situation of business depression and unemployment into which, it will be remembered, the 1929 panic temporarily threw the country, despite all precautions taken by the Republican Administration. In short, it was our intention to urge Mr. Hoover to ask Congress to authorize a program of immediate expenditure on already authorized federal road construction, road surfacing and repair, and other public works which, we hoped, might be got under way before the cold weather set in.

About one o'clock, to our great delight, Mr. Akerson, the President's secretary, approached—he had told us twice during the morning that there must be some mistake, as he had no memorandum of our appointment, but we held our ground—and, with that affability for which he is justly famed, said that the President would see us, but warned us, first, that we must confine our interview, including the presentation and discussion of our plan, to ten or fifteen minutes; and, second, that on no account should we say anything to the reporters relating to the President's part in the interview, as Mr. Hoover was already doing so many things calculated to improve conditions, and working with so many helpful agencies, that any publicity as to his reactions to our particular plan would, at the moment, be exceedingly inadvisable.

We gladly accepted both conditions. Fifteen minutes would be ample for the discussion of so trivial a subject.

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Also, we did not need to be told twice that, on any public question, it was essential to guard the President's opinions from the public ear. In a moment, with a final admonition of brevity, Mr. Akerson bowed us through the corridor, and we found ourselves in the presence of Herbert Hoover. Mindful of the Akersonian injunction, our chairman at once plunged into our plan, laying especial stress on our belief: first, that the revival of business depended partly at least on giving work to, and thereby putting money in the pockets of, the unemployed, to the end that they could not only live but buy things; and, second, that spending money on roads had the double advantage that it could proceed without the delay of elaborate reports and planning and that it would not merely increase employment and help business, but have some permanent value when done.

Mr. Hoover listened with the scant patience and restrained exasperation of a man who knew every angle of the situation far better than we who had presumed to advise him. Whereupon, he launched into a clear, forcible, and convincing speech, in which he proved to us that we were wrong on every point. Unemployment, he said, was being shamefully exaggerated. Its peak had been reached and passed. The tide had turned. The Census and Labor Department reports, and other information to which, as he reminded us, he had better access than we, would presently show that things were quite different from what we feared. Yes, we were now to drift peacefully, if slowly, back to good times. With calm confidence he spoke of the results that were being gained through the conference he had called of great business leaders and of their fine response to his appeal not to curtail the volume of their activities. He showed us, in authoritative style, that every agency of both the federal and State governments was working at top capacity to relieve the situation. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have come six weeks too late." Here the Great Engineer was right again. Our chairman for just about that time had been trying to get an appointment with him.

The Great Engineer then tore to pieces our suggestion of extensive work on the roads, with the remark that such a program would require more cement than all the factories of the country could furnish. This, though it surely must have been so, was, I confess, a little surprising, as our information was to the effect that the cement makers had just been importuning Congress for higher protection in the revenue bill, on the ground that American factories were standing idle.

I do not know how the rest of the committee felt about it. But they looked to me to be in a state only to be described as glad-eyed glee. For my part, I wanted to slap the Great Engineer on the back, and wake the echoes of the White House with a resounding cheer for the Hoover Administration. I had come to Washington under the dismal obsession that we were facing a grave disaster. I had imagined that business depression, unemployment, in short, black times with all the miseries that follow in its train, had settled down on our unfortunate people, only to be routed by firm and prompt action of the federal government. I was to leave, assured that my fears were groundless and that all was well with America.

Before packing my bag for Washington, I had noted that England in peace time, that is to say, in the fiscal year of 1921-22, had been able to raise £398,757,000 by taxation on incomes alone as a war measure in her drive against depression and want. That is well on toward $2,000,000,000, and it seemed to me that this country, with double England's wealth and population, could afford, when faced with similar dangers, to raise half or a quarter that sum for the same purposes. Such reflections, however, were now wholly inappropriate. Under Mr. Hoover, we had weathered the storm without resorting to so cruel an assault on the high brackets and the pockets of the mighty. Unluckily for England, she had had no Great Engineer.

Mr. Akerson appeared. In fact, he had appeared more than once during our interview to warn Mr. Hoover, with deprecatory gestures, that people were waiting with more momentous things to say. Nobody but the President and our chairman had spoken. Our rabbi, our Christian clergyman, our lawyer, the woman who had just made a survey of unemployment—all had something they had hoped to say. There was no need of it. It would have been silly, useless, discourteous even, to have added a word. Mr. Hoover, with characteristic efficiency, had disposed of unemployment. It was a wretched subject, anyhow. And the unemployed, I gathered, were far from good Republicans. We were bundled out of the White House into the sunlight of a world of things which we had just learned did not exist.

It was two o'clock of a warm June afternoon. Since then summer has passed; winter has arrived. The seasons have succeeded each other in their accustomed way. But, alas, something has gone wrong. Has the magic of the Great Engineer lost some of its power and cunning? Or are 5,000,000 men and women looking for work and shivering as they eat the bread of charity but another illusion of the untrained lay mind?

In the Driftway

NEXT to the President of the United States the Drifter has the most thankless job in the world. For no matter what he writes, no matter how he writes it, there is one thing certain: not more than two people can be counted upon, even tentatively, to like it. The Drifter, in this computation, works on the reckless theory that one reader in the world besides himself will find the subject in hand worth talking about. But there are times, of course, and they are numerous, when the Drifter himself must withhold his approval. And at such times, the strain put upon the reckless theory and the lone reader is almost more than they will bear even in the Drifter's conscience.

* * * * *

THE precarious plight of a columnist is summed up very neatly in two letters which arrived simultaneously and which happen to mention in diametrically opposite terms the same innocent bit of drifting—that bit in which the Drifter paid his respects to the Breton village of Locmariaquer. Letter Number 1 begins by praising the Drifter's account of his adventures with Hebrew. It continues as follows:

> It is a great improvement over Life on the Old Farm in Brittany and various other subjects which keep drifting into the magazine through that leak [!]—and you can tell the management so from this subscriber.

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The second letter comes from another subscriber. Its first paragraph is given over to pleasant remarks about the magazine as a whole, and the Drifter quotes it in the hope that it will cheer up "the management." The next paragraph belongs to the Drifter and he will cherish it as only a Drifter can.

> In spite of the Engineer in the White House [the letter reads] I have faith that the country will hold together for three years more. Ergo my check, for which please enter my subscription to the last ably edited, critical journal in America.
>
> Will you please tell the Drifter that his recent article on Locmariaquer is the finest gem of *The Nation's* long year and altogether deserving of a Pulitzer prize. If the editor can balance the sustained criticism and the occasional pessimism of the magazine with happy turns of literature as that on Locmariaquer, *The Nation* will actually occasion a smile once in a while.

* * * * *

NOW it happens that the Drifter liked both columns. He thought his adventure into Hebrew was extremely funny. He thought his quieter adventure into the silences of Locmariaquer was quite as exciting if not so hilarious. He still thinks that there is room for both in a column which takes for its province the world and everything in it. And that remark leads into the real difficulties of a Drifter. He is limited by his liberties. His column has no fixed standards either as to subject matter or style. Instead, unarmed with any such defense as "I'm an editorial about unemployment; take it or leave it," the column must face the bristling standards of everyone who reads it. And those standards are doubly formidable because of another factor. The column, any column, is the type of writing which almost every literate person feels sure that he himself, given half a chance, could do better than anyone else, better, particularly, than the author of the column he has just finished reading. The Drifter has often felt that way himself—about other columns—but on the few occasions when he has put his feeling to the test he has failed miserably. And this has led him to comfort himself with the thought that although his efforts may be feeble, perhaps only 75 per cent of his readers could do as well.

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, he is willing to do better. And he would like very much to know what people think should leak into the Driftway. At least, he wishes that everyone who reads this little homily would write him a letter about it. The Drifter has already had a few opinions. One reader thinks the Drifter should contribute a bit of disinterested literary art to offset the principles and indignation that must needs surge through most of the columns of a liberal and intelligent magazine. Another thinks he should concern himself with the lighter news events of the day. The New Year cries for a symposium on these important questions, and the Drifter urges it strongly, because for him such a symposium would have two ulterior advantages. It would help to fill the column, of course. But it would also accomplish another worthy purpose. By printing three letters in one column the Drifter would increase his theoretical interested audience. Instead of two it would be five, including himself and that other theoretical reader. Which would not be so bad for

THE DRIFTER

An Explanation

Loans and Revolutions

CERTAIN statements contained in the article Loans and Revolutions, by Drew Pearson, noted Washington correspondent and an authority on South American affairs, which appeared in the issue of *The Nation* for December 10, have been questioned by the banking houses directly concerned. In its desire to avoid giving currency to statements or assertions that might in any way be considered unfair or inaccurate, and to rectify any misstatements that it may inadvertently publish, *The Nation* investigated the complaints addressed to it and as a result of its inquiry placed its columns at the disposal of the bankers and Mr. Pearson in order that the points at issue might thereby be discussed and adjusted. *The Nation* believes that in the following letter from Mr. Pearson these points are explained and corrected.—EDITOR THE NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have heard from Speyer and Company and Dillon, Read, and Company in regard to my article on Loans and Revolutions appearing in *The Nation* of December 10. In fairness to both of these houses I ask you to print this letter.

In regard to the Sao Paulo coffee realization loan I want to assure Speyer and Company that I had no intention of implying that bond buyers who purchased this issue were in any way more "gullible" than all of the rest of us who were caught in the recent and memorable financial brainstorm. But the word "gullible" as I used it created an association in my mind with the mood established by statements from the White House, from the Secretary of the Treasury, the National City Bank, et al., during the bubble days of two years ago. Certainly there was no intention to imply that anyone buying bonds from a house enjoying the high reputation of Speyer and Company must be gullible. On the contrary, those who took their chances with Speyer and Company were undoubtedly less gullible than the rank and file of us. The statement that 15 per cent of the Sao Paulo flotation was left in the hands of the bankers refers to the European issue, as I am informed that the American bankers promptly sold the entire American portion of the loan.

Dillon, Read, and Company have taken exception to my statement that their $23,000,000 loan to Bolivia "was earmarked for refunding of previous loans and for railroad construction; yet within the year $5,000,000 of it had gone for the purchase of munitions from Vickers, Ltd., with which to upset Frank B. Kellogg's peace negotiations between Paraguay and Bolivia." I am glad to make the correction that $5,000,000 of the loan was not for "purchase" but for the "payment" of munitions previously ordered from Vickers, Ltd., and referred to in the prospectus covering the loan. Dillon, Read, and Company also call my attention to the fact that of the $25,000,000 loan to the Central Railroad of Brazil, referred to in my article as the Sao Paulo Railway, only $8,000,000 was for the purpose of electrification; although from my article it might have been inferred that the entire sum was for electrification. It remains a fact, however, that although eight years have now passed, not one penny of even this $8,000,000 has been used for electrification, nor is there any concrete evidence as to what the balance has been spent on.

In reviewing certain aspects of Latin American financing, I was shocked by practices which to me seemed conducive to

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unsound and unfriendly relations between our country and our southern neighbors. In commenting thereon I used the word "collusion" as a dramatic term for focusing consideration. This was an unfortunate word and I am assured by Dillon, Read, and Company that their dealings with Brazil were in no respect collusive.

Washington, December 29 DREW PEARSON

Correspondence

Let Everybody Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bees and birds and beavers solved the problem of employment before the advent of man. Their solution was simply to allow all to work without hindrance. Can the topsy-turvy madhouse sophistry of man find any fault with this? Apparently so. For man is out of work, starving amidst plenty, and not a soul in power or authority knows what to do about it.

Open your eyes, as if you lived in Mars or some other ultramundane sphere, and behold the plight of *homo sapiens*. Labor, operating on land, produces wealth or goods. Privilege, the parasite, appears, pretending through some legal legerdemain to own the land and actually confiscating the earnings of labor. However, labor continues to carry on until accelerating facility produces wealth in such superabundance that privilege doesn't know what to do with it and therefore says to labor: "Quit work. There is overproduction. Get off my land until I have disposed of the present stock of goods."

Thus enters unemployment. Labor stands idle and bewildered. If labor attempts to produce goods even for sustenance, privilege calls the police or the constable and, if necessary, the sheriff and the State militia and the United States Army. Men are idle because society forbids them to work. Nothing in human history stands out bolder than the fact that no man was ever out of work except when government made him so. Privilege, backed by government, has made work a misdemeanor.

Now, what do you propose to do about it? You propose, not to remove privilege, but to deal to labor a dole in lieu of the right to work, which has been bartered away to privilege; not to free labor but to continue petty and futile easements such as insurance, public work, or boiling water out of the ocean—the work finally being paid for by labor alone!

Verily, this is a crazy land flowing with milk and honey and silk and money and filled with soothsayers whose accepted lunacies surpass all the marvels of "Alice in Wonderland."

Minneapolis, December 20 WILLIAM SCOTT

The Norwegian Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your comment several weeks ago on the Norwegian election, you wrote as follows: "Norway is the latest of the European countries to swing to the right in the recent elections." But this statement is not quite correct. It is very unlikely that the right will replace the left when the new Storting meets.

The Labor Party (Arbeiderpartiet) obtained about seven thousand more votes than it did three years ago. Is that a "swing to the right"? The Labor Party is the largest party in Norway, having approximately 50,000 more voters than were obtained by the combination of the several parties of the right; and the Labor Party will have forty-seven representatives in the new Storting, while the next largest group will have only forty-four. Furthermore, last summer the national organization of clerks (in stores and offices) joined the National Federation of Labor, which virtually means the Labor Party.

It is true, nevertheless, that the Labor Party will have a dozen representatives less in the new Storting than it has in the present. But that is mainly due to the fact that three years ago the Labor Party got many more representatives than were warranted by the size of the Labor vote, which, in turn, was due to the split-up of the voting public between so many political parties—making a large number of the Labor representatives only minority representatives. As such, they succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. What they have lost this year is merely an unjust and unnatural advantage. This year, in a large number of districts, the several bourgeois parties joined hands around the same candidates with the negative issue of defeating Labor, thus capturing Labor's former minority candidates. That can hardly be called a "swing to the right." In fact, it appears that even now the Labor Party has more representatives than the actual size of the Labor vote warrants.

Moreover, this year's election was hotter than ever before. The conservatives in numerous shameful and degrading ways pictured to the voting population the coming of the Bolsheviks, the devil, and burning hell if the Labor Party succeeded in capturing the majority in the new Storting. That drew out a large number of bourgeois-minded citizens, who generally do not exercise their right of voting. Thus, it appears that more than 90 per cent of the citizens of age took part in the election. And the Moscow Communists lost half of their number (from 40,000 to 20,000—in round figures).

We can also say that those voting for Labor this year (in the face of all the lies and calumnies of the bourgeois leaders and papers) did so consciously and deliberately. That could not be said after the election three years ago. This conscious and deliberate flock will be mighty strong three years from now, when the voters will have become wearied by the conservatives' harpings on lies and misrepresentations. This year, also, the Labor leaders were forced more or less on the defensive (an uncomfortable position) because of the more openly stated revolutionary principles in their program.

Thus, all in all, instead of a loss the forces of the Labor Party have become materially strengthened and adjusted.

Columbus, Ohio, December 15 LYDER L. UNSTAD

Maternal Mortality

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You comment in your issue of December 24 on the shameful record of the United States in the matter of maternal mortality. It is shameful, to be sure. But comparing mortality statistics between countries is notoriously misleading. And in particular, the official figures about maternal mortality are quite incomplete and unreliable. France, for instance, in her official causes of death, gives a hundred or so from puerperal fever during a year, while Germany reports some 15,000. Now doctors agree that in truth there is no such difference, that perhaps the actual rate is lower in Germany.

Both for their accuracy and the early date from which they are available, mortality statistics for England and Wales are the best. Next come Denmark and the Scandinavian countries, then the German-speaking and the remaining English-speaking countries, such as the United States. Comparisons within this group can be made, at least since 1919. But to mention their figures in the same breath with those from other countries, as you have done, is to jump at conclusions. In making studies, the epidemiological service of the League of Nations Health Section observes this as a sort of rule.

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Some of the rates quoted in your editorial are comparable, in any case those between the States in this country. However, if one could know complete figures for many of the countries you mention, the relative standings would be altered.

Nevertheless, I do not wish to deny your main point. Our maternal mortality can and should be lowered.

Ann Arbor, December 24 CHARLES A. ORR

The Only Solution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I fully agree with the splendid letter from Agnes H. Downing in your issue of December 10, particularly its last paragraph. The six-hour day is the only logical remedy for unemployment. Then when machine production on the six-hour basis tends to displace workers and the supply of workers becomes greater than the demand, reduce the hours again.

Unemployment insurance, like the tariff, would be awkward and hard to regulate; it would be, after all, charity and a miserable dole at best, and humiliating to boot. Speeding up public works as a relief is only temporary and inadequate.

Taft, Cal., December 14 M. B.

Contributors to This Issue

DUNCAN AIKMAN is the Pacific Coast correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

LOUIS FISCHER will shortly arrive in the United States for a lecture tour.

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

FRANCES M. FROST is a Vermont poet.

H. S. JENNINGS, professor of zoology at the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "The Biological Basis of Human Nature."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

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Books, Drama, Music

Poets

By FRANCES M. FROST

Words beat in the brain
As the blood beats in the heart.
Wild as the summer rain,
Bright as the scarlet-tart
Tang of berries hung
On the downward branch, the words
Gather within the young
And flee from their breasts like birds.
But sounds upon the tongue
Are fewer with the old.
The berry-fire that stung
The heart is stamped by cold:
And knowing quiet things,
The old will seldom speak
Of a hawk dragging wings,
Of tears upon a cheek.

So Did King Canute

I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition. By Twelve Southerners. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE twelve Southerners who contribute to this symposium figuratively take down their old muskets and intrench themselves along the Mason and Dixon line, ready to shoot on sight anything that looks like industry heading South. For they are convinced, in the words of John Crowe Ransom, that this industrialism is "a foreign invasion of Southern soil, which is capable of doing more devastation than was wrought when Sherman marched to the sea." It will be said by most readers that these men are fighting a pitiable rearguard action in what is already a lost cause. This is probably true; yet their pleas for that cause are eloquent and touching, and recall much that was gracious, and even precious, in the Southern ways and values that now seem forever doomed to defeat.

There is, it is true, much confusion in these voices. The clearest in many ways is that of Stark Young, who does not seem greatly interested in the issue of industrialism, but deplores mainly the decline in certain personal qualities among former Southern aristocrats, as reflected in their bland acceptance of Mr. Coolidge's crude manners, or in the willingness of Southern society women to indorse some face cream or mattress in exchange for money and publicity. Far from wishing any literal restoration of the old Southern life, however, Mr. Young wisely remarks: "Dead days are gone, and if by some chance they should return, we should find them intolerable." But Mr. Ransom, whose essay opens the book, is much more bellicose. Indeed, it is hard to tell from some of these essays whether the writers think the real issue is between Industrialism and Agrarianism or between the North and the South; and Mr. Ransom, for one, seems rather happy at the prospect that the industrial invasion "will offer the chance to revive ancient and almost forgotten animosities." He is not only against Industrialism; he is against all technological discoveries, against the ideal of Progress itself. Progress seems to him terrifying, for it "never defines its ultimate objective, but thrusts its victims at once into an infinite series." It also threatens us with "deracination." I am at some loss to understand, however, why Mr. Ransom, except for the accident of birth, should regard the old South as the ideal example of resistance to industrial progress. There are better examples in India and China (at least up to a few years ago) and still better examples among the Australian black-fellows. For if Mr. Ransom's fears of Progress had always prevailed we should still be in the savage state—assuming that we had at least accepted such technological advances as flint and the spearhead. Mr. Ransom may reply that he is merely proposing to dig in and stop progressing *now*, which, we may be confident, was precisely the position of the conservatives among our paleolithic ancestors.

It is obvious that this book is, in the main, the rationalization of a nostalgia for ancestral ways rather than a rational approach to real problems. On the one hand, the contributors see the old South, and farming and farm labor, through a sentimental haze. Reading them, one would almost think the old South had been the scene of a perfect flowering of art and music and beautiful letters. Reading them, one almost forgets that such culture as the old South had rested on slavery, that it was confined to a small privileged upper class, relieved of the more menial duties. All these writers see in farm work a mystical and ennobling satisfaction; and the reader almost forgets that the "genuine humanism . . . rooted in the agrarian life of the older South" was not that of the man who picked the cotton, but that of the man who owned the plantation. Occasionally, it is true, slavery is mentioned and even defended, as by Mr. Ransom, who, after conceding that "slavery was a feature monstrous enough in theory," calmly repeats the smug fiction that it was, "more often than not, humane in practice." So great are the mystical values of working on the farm, again, that these contributors would apparently have their fellow-regionalists go in for farming even though they cannot make a decent living out of it. This seems to be most clearly stated by Lyle H. Lanier: "The objection may be made that already there is overproduction of agricultural commodities; the answer is that agriculture is more than a process of 'production.'"

Industrialism, on the other hand, is seen by these literary agrarians only in its worst aspects; the term, indeed, is so extended that it usually seems to mean everything objectionable that goes on up North. The fallacy into which most of them fall is that of identifying "industrialism" with the exclusive pursuit of material wealth. One contributor, indeed (again Mr. Lanier), *defines* the word as meaning precisely this: "By 'industrialism' is meant not the machine and industrial technology as such, but the domination of the economic, political, and social order by the notion that the greater part of a nation's energies should be directed toward an endless process of increasing the production and consumption of goods." Such a definition, to my mind, can only result in hopeless confusion. Sheer acquisitiveness can appear as frequently under a dominantly agrarian economy as under a dominantly industrial one. If by fiat we declare that "industrialism" must *mean* acquisitiveness, then we must find another word to denote "the machine and industrial technology as such."

In so far as the attitude of these contributors rests on a logical and not on a sentimental basis, it is on such basic confusions as these that most of them founder. Nearly all of them regard Industrialism and Agrarianism as essentially antagonistic, whereas it should be obvious that they are merely complementary. Any farmer who raises more than the needs of his own table does so in the expectation that he will sell the surplus to a non-farming population in exchange largely for manufactured goods—for clothes, furniture, books, and—dare one mention them?—automobiles. The present group of writers, instead of denouncing the North, should be thankful to it, for it was because the North was so largely industrial that the

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South could long afford to remain so largely agrarian. Even to be an efficient agriculturalist, the farmer must buy industrial implements; for the irony is that only as agriculture is more "mechanized" will it be able to hold its own against industry.

The values of industrialism, it is true, are not precisely the values of agrarianism. But industrialism has its own values, and complete failure to recognize them can only make such protests as "I'll Take My Stand" worse than ineffective. If, like Mr. Ransom, this group can only remark with bitter irony that "factories henceforth are to be counted on as among the charming features of Southern landscape," as if factories were *necessarily* ugly, then they will not care whether their factories are designed by first-rate modern architects (like Gropius and Mies van der Rohe in Germany) or by botchers, with the result that they will probably be designed by the latter.

In short, the real objection to the ideals of these typewriter agrarians is not that these ideals are quixotic or visionary, but that they are stupid. Our aim must be to humanize industry, not to exterminate it. One might even take the liberty of suggesting to this group some points of a practicable program:

1. They can at least try to prevent the further artificial stimulation of industry, at the necessary expense of agriculture, supplied by our preposterous tariff.

2. To assure agricultural survival, they can aim to disseminate instruction in more intelligent farming methods.

3. They can agitate for progressive labor legislation, involving health, hours, minimum wages, unemployment insurance and prohibition of child labor. Such legislation would probably reduce the rate of growth of industrialism in the South, but the kind of industrialism that finally appeared would be on a much higher level.

4. They can eliminate many "factory-town" evils by working for strict housing legislation, model-housing schemes, city planning that would minimize congestion, provide maximum light and air, establish parks and playgrounds, insure the largest number of trees and the smallest number of advertising signboards. In brief, they could aim to "gardenize" their towns and cities and make them fit for humane living.

A program like this might be difficult to realize, but at least it would bear more fruits than nostalgic sighs for days that are lost forever. And not such very fine days at that.

HENRY HAZLITT

Human Predestination

Crime and Destiny. By Johannes Lange. Translated from the German by Charlotte Haldane. Charles Boni. 50 cents.

IS the criminal predestined to be such by his innate constitution? Or is it misfortune or the faulty organization of society that drives him to crime?

For judging such questions of human fate, the existence of duplicate individuals offers incomparable advantages. Identical twins are such duplicates. They are at first a single individual. This early divides into two, each retaining the original constitution. How far will these two samples of the same personality have the same career and fate? If one is a criminal, will the other be a criminal also? To what extent are they made different by diverse environments, diverse experiences?

Johannes Lange has made a unique study of such questions in thirty pairs of twins. One member of each pair had a criminal record. What shall we find as to the fate of the other? The problem of destiny has never been more sharply defined.

Thirteen of the thirty pairs were identical twins; they had come from one egg; they were originally duplicate personalities. Of these thirteen pairs, one member of which in each case was a criminal, the other member had also a criminal record in ten of the cases. If one such twin is criminal, clearly the chance for the other to escape that fate, under existing conditions, is small. Lange studied the detailed histories of the different twins. The two members were astonishingly alike in characteristics and careers. Both members of one pair were burglars. Both of another pair committed "puerile offenses against the property laws." Another pair were high-powered swindlers. Another were gutter-snipes. One pair contributed two brutes "lacking all human feeling except for their own unpleasant selves." And so on through the list; the correspondence in details is terrifying. "In all these pairs the type of crime is identical, the criminal careers begin at the same age; and the behavior of both members in court and in prison corresponds absolutely" (p. 215). It is such facts that give the book its title, "Crime and Destiny"; or as the German title has it: Crime *as* Destiny. The two twins have the same innate constitution; they have in the main the same environment; the result is the same fate—both are criminals.

But this title may be misleading. Their innate constitutions did not irrevocably predestine these men to crime; on this the author (and the evidence) is clear. Many things in the histories of these twins show the effect of environment, of the experiences undergone. In three of these pairs one of the twins was not a criminal. In several cases one of the twins was reformed by a wife of strong character, or in other ways, while the other went from bad to worse. Under different conditions, or in a different social system, both twins might have avoided criminality.

Yet in the main these were personalities that lacked foresight and resistance; "inability to resist innate urges" (p. 226) was their undoing. This was the secret of their common fate. On such characters environment has relatively little influence. Identical twins possessing foresight, resistance, and power of adaptation to conditions (distinctive features of superior types) might well have very diverse careers as they came into diverse environments. "Destiny" as applied to human careers signifies merely that differential consequences do not follow save on differential antecedents; that condition fulfilled, anything may happen. "Destiny" covers possible complete deflection of a career by a word, a look, a passage read, an incident observed—anything that stirs an emotion or starts a train of thought.

In addition to the thirteen pairs of identical twins, there were studied seventeen pairs (one member of each being criminal) in which the two members came from separate eggs and hence had diverse innate constitutions. The environment however is as like for such twins as for one-egg twins. Yet of the entire seventeen, there were only two in which the other member was also criminal. This, when contrasted with the ten out of thirteen of the one-egg twins in which both were criminal, demonstrates the great influence of identical constitution plus similar environment, as compared with similarity of environment only. Or to put it in the reverse way, it shows how diversity of innate constitution results in different characteristics and fate, even under similar environment. But there is nothing to indicate that great differences of environment acting on identical constitutions would not likewise produce great diversity of career and fate. Both sets of influences are powerful in determining human destiny.

The author is interested in the treatment of criminals. On this what conclusion is to be drawn? The moral of the study is that "the curse causeless shall not come." One's innate constitution does not predestine one to crime; nor must bad environment lead to crime. But certain combinations of these result in criminality; it does not come uncaused. Hence there is "no point to punishment in the narrower sense," but in dealing with criminality "we should regard the safety of society as our only and definite object, and act accordingly." But what

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measures does this call for? The answer does not follow from the facts or principles set forth in the book; it will be obtained only by long-continued study and experimentation. To one aspect of such study Lange has made a valuable and intensely interesting contribution. H. S. JENNINGS

Petticoat War

The Intriguing Duchess. By Dorothy de Brissac Campbell. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

THIS life of Mme de Chevreuse is a particularly displeasing example of the treatment of a little-known and fascinating period. Perhaps there is no era in French history so bandied about and unrealistically understood as the seventeenth century. Dumas and Rostand must be responsible for the fact that this epoch, at once frivolous and rather stark, should usually be described in terms of low comedy, degraded in this biography to the level of a Hollywood scenario for some houri of the screen. Despite its casual romanticism, it was a transitional period of the highest importance in European history between the two disasters of the Reformation and the French Revolution. It was the period of the victorious nationalism of Richelieu, that nervous and heroic prelate who on his deathbed replied to his *curé* who asked if he forgave his enemies: "I have no enemies save those of the state." It was the age of cavaliers and women at once handsome, adulterous, and devout; the age of that noble domestic architecture which now rots in the Marais; the age of Molière, the Val de Grace, and St. Vincent de Paul. But it was also, most unfortunately for history, the age of Cyrano, D'Artagnan, and the immortal trio, and as such it has a fatal appeal for all those who like their history spiced with flatulent smut, and their bargain-counter culture at the maximum of cheapness. In this book by Dorothy de Brissac Campbell they are repaid in full.

Why, we wonder, do people essay a period at once so complicated and delicate when they themselves have apparently not the remotest notions of delicacy, even in their style? The style of "The Intriguing Duchess" can be well judged by this opening tidbit:

> Lovely women dominated seventeenth-century France. They enslaved kings by their beauty, hampered statesmen by their intrigue, and destroyed the peace of Europe—for an idle whim or a fleeting emotion. International treaties were casually arranged between kisses, and wars were lightly conceived between the perfumed sheets of beds not endowed with the blessing of the church.

In perusing the unutterable William de Mille pretentiousness of this approach, would you not believe yourselves sitting at the Paramount on the eve of one of those million-dollar productions libeling "old court life in France," called "Woman of Passion" or some such swinery? Well, we can assure all lovers of the Eighth Art that the book fulfils the promise of its overture. It abounds in such teeth-grinding clichés as "into the limelight," "naughty old scamp" (for James I of England), "sly dog," "mutual admiration society." Almost the only first-hand authority apparently consulted has been that of Mme de Motteville, a rather tedious gossip afflicted with the same mania of "servantgal"-ism as our authoress. The latter has the impudence to label Mme de Maintenon a "reformed prostitute," and the career of that fine, underrated nationalist king, Louis XIII, as "inglorious." There is no such thing in French history as the "great Duke of Condé." The third *prince* of that title was a sordid and villainous personage, and so was the son, the real "great" Condé. Apocryphal scandals are repeated throughout, such as that of Richelieu's making love to both Mme De Chevreuse and the Queen, and that of the birth of Louis XIV. The whole business of the Fronde revolution is made a vast and important pother, whereas it was merely a social fuss concocted by a few self-important people, for whom nothing, even treason and murder, was too low did it augment their self-importance. The right side, as usual, was represented by the government, in this case by the Queen-Regent and by Mazarin. One thing, however: it was a revolution mainly fought by pretty speeches, and we are indebted to Mrs. Campbell for the story of the old Duc de Chevreuse, her heroine's husband, who said that "Paris and he had always been lovers, and that he had never fought against the Queen till she had turned on his first love." There are plenty of such stories in this book, but in general its historic attitude is a little too like that of Lauzun, hiding under Mme de Montespan's bed to "listen in," as Mrs. Campbell puts it.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

A Pepys in Wall Street

They Told Barron. The Notes of the Late Clarence W. Barron. Edited and Arranged by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore. Harper and Brothers. $5.

CLARENCE W. BARRON was the publisher of the *Boston News Bureau* and the *Wall Street Journal.* But he was a lot more than that. He was a congenital reporter. To him life had no meaning except as a continuum of inside stories, all talk was significant, and gossip, carefully sifted, was the simplest and most direct reflection of the spirit behind it. "What's the news?" he asked with his dying breath, actually and not apocryphally. And then he no doubt went to heaven to get the real stuff behind all its omniscience.

It is impossible, at least from this book, to dislike the simple-shrewd tattler of these jottings, which were never really meant for your eye or mine. In his later years Barron was, as the editors happily put it, a jolly old Kris Kringle. Short and hefty, one of his major problems was the ridiculously human job of reducing his irreducible 330 pounds to some semblance of physical sanity. Yet for all his girth he was of imposing vitality, bustling, elegant, and high living. His silver whiskers were neat and parted, a grand twinkle in his roguish look encouraged you to tell him some more, and above all he was armed with that charming and disarming idiocy toward all social ethics which makes the ideal receiver of stolen confidences. A perfect reporter, he never passed judgment on what he heard.

With excellent skill the editors retain the atmosphere of direct and immediate and intimate notations, Pepys-like in their daily freshness and non-moral perspicacity. Barron would flit in and out of the offices of the mightily moneyed, occasionally stealing a chat with J. P. (the younger) himself. Existence was a steady flow of meals and visits and early morning hours, packed with *kibitzing* with everybody who was somebody, except in the world of ideas. Since these notes cover only the decade between 1918 and 1928, the founders of our industrial and investment universe, the buccaneers and organizers of the John D., Sr., and J. P., Sr., variety, speak to us mainly in the tattle of others. Most of Barron's victims are not tigers but jackals, house-broken to the circus of institutionalized big business at that. Many of them are genuinely able executives, more of them are glorified clerks, some are expensive politicians here and abroad, lots of them are dollar-a-year *ingénus,* but now and then we are treated to a Gargantuan grafter of the Jay Gould variety. But the interesting thing is that the basic rapacity of the latter type still dominates, in these days of "service," the life patterns of all the others. That's the motif

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of all their adventures. And Barron's pages are lifted by innumerable dollar signs, winging six figures from one pocket into another.

And the things they *did* tell him! How they delighted in cheating each other, the law, the community, and in buying the purchasable, both goods and gentry! The weaker characters smeared their views with a surface varnish of unctuousness, like a peasant crossing himself absent-mindedly. The greatest of the unctuous fraternity was the late Judge Gary, compared to whom Daniel Drew was an outright man. His varnish was never thin or volatile but dripping with oil. Still, with the aid of George Kessler, the Moet and Chandon wine man, we catch the sainted jurist lying complexly about the way the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was acquired by the United States Steel trust. The really powerful adventurers, however, such as Edward Doheney and Harry Sinclair, are rather engagingly honest to type. And Doheney is even capable of genuine moral indignation whenever he has been double-crossed by some one he has bought and paid for. "Doctor Dillon," he complains with much heat, "went to Mexico under contract with me at $20,000 a year for five years." The doctored journalist was to write for the general press from the Doheney angle. Instead, "He became infatuated with Obregón and wrote those fulsome articles for the New York *Evening Post* which were really damaging to my interests. At the end of two years I told him what I thought of his actions for a man on my pay roll . . ." I cannot help but feel a great deal more respect for Doheney than for his journalist. And as for the willingness of George Creel to serve Mr. Doheny, a certain nausea keeps me from reviewing it. It's recorded on pages 162 to 165.

Said William M. Wood of the American Woolen Company: "American Woolen Company showed $9,000,000 last year, but really made $14,000,000. Our policy this year will be to show as little profit as possible. If you show big earnings . . . your employees will insist upon an advance in wages."

Mused and opined James B. Duke, the tobacco king of child-labor fame: "I have now four houses, my place in Somerville, New Jersey, my home in the South, one at Newport, and one at Fifth Avenue. . . . If the United States should get a sensible system of taxation and put the taxes where they ought to be—on consumption . . . " The conclusion is irresistible. If the brats in his factories had paid just a little more for bread and salt Mr. Duke might have spent his declining years each week-end in another palace.

Here's a lighter touch. "Inviting one to a second libation it was remarked, 'No bird ever flew on one wing'"; that at the home of Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the Great Commoner and extra dry Congresswoman from Florida.

At the Republican convention in 1920 Mr. Barron jotted down hasty bits: "Mrs. Lowden's pearls are showing up big at dinners . . ." "Governor Lowden: 'My one ambition is to free labor from the dominion of Gompers . . .'" "General Wood is described to me as a pathetic figure in Chicago, almost on the street corners begging votes . . ."

And so on and on and on, page after page. Of course, it is well to remember that these are tales out of school, and such tales are never high lights of high-mindedness. I do not know about you, but I should certainly hate to see broadcast all my intimate talks with my friends in my various worlds. Yet the world which "told Barron" seems to me very different from any other society. Outside the technical underworld there can be no social group so brazenly obtuse in its social outlook. Furthermore, there is no social group anywhere, whether it be a group of Harvard professors or Ziegfeld beauties, of writers or longshoremen, where there is so little personal wisdom, so little real knowledge, such a dearth of wit, so little mellowness, fraternity, kindliness, indeed so little acute malice. In all this talk of 361 pages by the "rulers" of our society, aged mostly between forty-five and seventy, there is hardly a line of good conversation, not a trace of real culture or plain good breeding, not the slightest evidence of even a fair formal education. If some of them had it, it never broke through.

Oh yes, I forgot, there was *one* witty line. On viewing Sargent's portrait of John D., Sr., his brother William Rockefeller remarked that "he didn't like the look of John D.'s hand —it was still reaching."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Strange Career

John Charles Frémont: An Explanation of His Career. By Cardinal Goodwin. Stanford University Press. $4.

PROFESSOR GOODWIN'S contribution to an understanding of Frémont's career relates principally to Frémont's connection with the Bear Flag revolt and the conquest of California, his part in the fraudulent army contracts during the Civil War while he was in Missouri in command of the Department of the West, and his connection with Western railway scandals after the war. The examination tends strongly to discredit Frémont. It is absurd, Professor Goodwin declares, to attribute to Frémont the conquest of California; on the contrary, he drifted into the Bear Flag revolt, failed to display even second-rate leadership, and was in fact, as he himself later admitted, "a pawn put forward by others." In the matter of the army contracts he was not, Professor Goodwin thinks, a scoundrel, but his moral weakness and loyalty to others led him to give his approval to transactions which he must have known were dishonest. If he did not himself prepare the statements that were circulated in France in 1869 to advertise the bonds of the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad he was at least responsible for allowing them to circulate, for he did nothing to reveal their falsity "until the money had been raised from the sale of the bonds."

At each of these points Professor Goodwin's findings seem conclusive. He is less successful in making clear the reasons for the wide personal popularity of Frémont before the Civil War, for his choice as a Senator for California, and for the extraordinary vote which he polled in 1856 as the Republican candidate for President. Distinctions of this kind are hardly to be won merely through achievements as an explorer. Professor Goodwin aptly describes Frémont as a man whose "entire career was built largely on a series of circumstances over which he exercised little or no control," and morally "a loose constructionist" who "adjusted his moral outlook very largely to the environment in which he lived." The characterization is true enough, but we are still left wondering a little why Frémont for a time went forward so fast and so far.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Eight Victorian Poets. By F. L. Lucas. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.

These essays on Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Hardy are pleasantly written lectures emphasizing the spiritual and philosophical direction of each poet in an attempt to reestablish the need of spiritual beauty in an age so reprehensibly materialistic as our own. It is an old theme, and concerning the poets Mr. Lucas says nothing very new. He writes well and has quick perception of the quality of poetry; but beyond the usual criticism he does not go. It is well, probably, to recall these Victorians and their high moral purpose, their convincing vitality—and this is

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the author's purpose, nothing more—to recall them as they were and as they meant to be. It is well, probably, to remember that we need poets and poetry lest the imprisoned emotions perish of starvation, and that we should therefore read of them and through them. But such a volume as this offers no solution to the modern dilemma and no new vision of the past. The charm of the lectures is their style and their mood, both very subtly adjusted to each subject in turn. Back of them lie wide reading and comparative study, but there remains in them the tone of a popular presentation within a short lecture hour.

America Moves West. By Robert E. Riegel. Henry Holt and Company.

Westward.. The Romance of the American Frontier. By E. Douglas Branch. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

Wagons West. A Story of the Oregon Trail. By Elizabeth Page. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

A Yankee Trader in the Gold Rush. The Letters of Franklin A. Buck. Compiled by Katherine A. White. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

One Man's Gold. The Letters and Journals of a Forty-Niner. Compiled and Edited by Florence Morrow Christman. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.

On the Old West Coast. Being Further Reminiscences of a Ranger, Major Horace Bell. Edited by Lanier Bartlett. William Morrow Company. $5.

John Marsh, Pioneer. The Life Story of a Trail-Blazer on Six Frontiers. By George D. Lyman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

Of these seven new books on that apparently inexhaustible subject, the American West, the first two are comprehensive histories dealing with the series of migrations which swept the white race over the Alleghenies, across the Ohio and Mississippi regions, to the Far West and finally to California. Of the two Mr. Riegel's is the most systematic and Mr. Branch's the more interesting; both of them, however, are based upon good sources, and either of them would do as an introduction to the subject. The next three books are documents having to do with the gold rush, being collections of letters sent back East from California by men from Illinois, Maine, and Pennsylvania respectively. None of them adds anything especially new to the picture we have, but all of them together make that picture clearer; of such testimony we can never have too much. The sixth book is a miscellany, chiefly fantastical, taken from the papers of an old Californian who knew the territory both in its Spanish days and after. The last seems to make good its author's claim that he presents in it a hitherto neglected hero of the West. John Marsh, doctor, Indian agent, and rancher extraordinary, had adventures that put the very wildest fiction to shame, and appears indeed to have been a person of importance in the history of half a dozen States.

The Best Poems of 1930. Edited by Thomas Moult. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Since 1922 Mr. Moult has edited "The Best Poems" for each year, and his anthologies have shown the trend of each year rather directly. As 1930 has on the whole been sterile, a year given over to emphasizing humanism and to the writing of pleasant and unimportant magazine verse, "The Best Poems of 1930" reflect just this condition. There is much of moralizing, much of conventional form, and much of light, pleasant fancy. The collection is very pallid. The older English bodyguard is here in force, but none of the younger rebels—not even Robert Graves this time. The best poems in the collection come from American poets. Archibald MacLeish's beautiful poem Immortal Autumn is included, and Horace Gregory's fine O Mors Eterna. But as a whole the anthology is rather uninteresting.

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Lafitte the Pirate. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Company. $5.

Jean Lafitte was the best-loved pirate of history. He and his brother called themselves privateers, but when there was depression in that industry—also when there wasn't—they practiced smuggling and piracy. Louisiana had just come under the sovereignty of the United States; its laws and authority were not popular among the Creoles. So the brothers Lafitte enjoyed the same respect and immunity in Louisiana in their time as a reliable bootlegger in New Jersey today—and for similar reasons. When Governor Claiborne posted a notice in New Orleans offering $500 for the capture of Jean Lafitte, that estimable pirate swaggered into town, read the notice, and put up another placard offering $1,500 for the arrest of Governor Claiborne. Before the battle of New Orleans Pirate Jean offered the services of his men to Governor Claiborne. The latter spurned the offer, but General Jackson accepted it—to his satisfaction. Subsequently Mr. Lafitte resumed the practice of his profession. His biography, picturesquely told by Mr. Saxon, might be entitled "From Pirate to Patriot—and Back Again." Nor did the round trip involve as much change of heart at any stage as a pious member of the D. A. R. might suppose.

Drama

A Tirade Against Tabloids

"FIVE STAR FINAL," by Louis Weitzenkorn, is presented as a bitter attack upon the tabloid newspapers of New York. In fact, it is rather directly pointed at one particular tabloid. The play has the excellent quality of having been written by a man who was very angry. This anger is translated into a great deal of zest and excitement. Nobody can deny that "Five Star Final" possesses power and theatrical effectiveness. It is crude in certain scenes, and yet the mood of the author could hardly function save in a somewhat tabloid treatment of the tabloids. It is not his object to mock these publications, but to punch them on the nose.

Some little incidental humour creeps in, but the fundamental spirit is one of crusading. A critic can readily point out that if Mr. Weitzenkorn had sat down to the task in a somewhat cooler spirit, he might have written a smoother play. But the answer to that is that in a cooler spirit he would never have written the play at all. And it is a job well worth the doing.

To some extent there was a smug acceptance upon the part of the various newspaper representatives. All of them seemed to say, "But, of course, none of this touches us." And yet it does. Certain wide implications of the story bear upon the entire practice of journalism.

To state the story briefly: A tabloid owner wants to jack up the circulation of his paper. He gets a long serial story which purports to give the inside facts about a murder now twenty years old. In order to give some point to this revival, the managing editor undertakes to learn something of the present status of the woman concerned. She was acquitted at the time of the trial, and has since married. Her daughter knows nothing of her mother's antecedents, and as the play begins the girl is about to marry a young man equally ignorant of the background of her family. The publicity drives the mother into an anguish which she solves by killing herself. And her husband also takes poison rather than face the shame and disgrace of the exposure.

It is perfectly true that the technique of news reporting

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displayed in "Five Star Final" is peculiarly confined to the tabloids. But I wonder whether there is not a great deal even in the most respectable of journals which pries into private affairs right up to the point of tragic consequences. And here there arises that debatable point as to just what amount of censorship a newspaper can impose upon itself. Recently we have seen papers play down unemployment because they felt that this underemphasis might be good for the community. Within a few weeks several cases of bank crashes have been buried inside in order not to shake public confidence. The analogy is not close, but once a newspaperman begins to say, "This is the truth and this is news, and yet I will not print it," the whole theory of journalism may be shaken. Possibly it ought to be shaken. Perhaps there is a line which can be drawn between things of public concern and purely private matters.

I am trying to say that "Five Star Final," in addition to being a hot and powerful play, is also a piece of provocative inquiry.

HEYWOOD BROUN

"Meet My Sister" (Shubert Theater), circling about the love of a French countess for a poor professor of psychology, is adapted from a German musical comedy. It succeeds in retaining—except for some boop-boop-a-doopism in the second act—a rather agreeable European flavor. One of its pleasant innovations is to omit entirely the usual chorus. Bettina Hall makes a lovely countess, and Walter Slezak is a highly engaging importation from Central Europe.

"The Truth Game" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a thin and surprisingly old-fashioned polite English play redeemed by some competent acting, particularly that of Viola Tree as the awkward Lady Joan.

One of the misfortunes of the season was the closing of "The Inspector General" after a run of nine nights. Gogol's gorgeous comedy of political corruption is well worth seeing even in a mediocre performance, and Mr. Jed Harris's revival, while it fell short in several directions, was considerably better than that.

H. H.

Music

Whither Tonality?

THE FUTURE OF TONALITY is the title of a very brilliant article by Mr. Joseph Yasser, contained in a special supplement to the December issue of *Modern Music*, organ of the League of Composers. Mr. Yasser's thesis is, very briefly, this:

The pentatonic scales, ancestors of our diatonic scales, had five "regular" tones and two "auxiliary" tones, dividing the octave into seven parts. From them we derived scales having seven regular tones and five auxiliary tones. The analogous step to follow, according to Mr. Yasser's historical logic, is the adoption of scales with twelve regular tones and seven auxiliary tones. He has accordingly worked out the structure and keyboard embodiment of such a scale, which, he claims, outlines the tonal thought of contemporary composers, whom our prejudices confine to the diatonic scales for their expression.

Mr. Yasser makes the evolution of chord formation fit neatly into his scheme. His theory is that the natural basic interval for chord structure is the interval formed by two alternate "regular tones" of the scale. In our diatonic scale this interval is a third. In the pentatonic scale, which had fewer divisions of the octave than the diatonic, it was accordingly larger—about the size of our fourth. In Mr. Yasser's new scale ("supra-tonality"), which has twelve regular tones, it is reduced to approximately the size of our second, or whole

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tone. The new scale thus embodies the harmonic innovations of Scriabine, Debussy, and others.

So far, so good. Musically, Mr. Yasser's idea has more than a little to recommend it. It is not possible to say offhand that its artificiality too far exceeds that of Bach's tempering of the diatonic scale, upon which the music of two centuries has been based. The fate of the system must, in any case, rest on its musical value, and neither on the terminology nor on the "historical logic" that Mr. Yasser has used to support his thesis.

And this is lucky for "supra-tonality"! For if it has musical faults, they will be apparent only after it has been well tried, and even then they may not prevent its adoption: the faults of the tempered diatonic scale have not stood in the way of its immense development. Whereas if it were to stand or fall on the validity of its historical logic, the verdict would not take so long to reach. Consider the scheme of that historical logic.

"Tonality" (our 7 + 5 scale) is, according to Mr. Yasser, the synthesis of "infra-tonality" (the pentatonic system) and "infra-atonality" (medieval dissonant counterpoint). Similarly, "supra-tonality" (the new 12 + 7 scale) is to be the synthesis of "tonality" and "atonality."

Now, the universal priority of the pentatonic scale is not by any means proved. And it will take more than Mr. Yasser's quotations from medieval critics to establish the analogy between contemporary atonality and the dissonant counterpoint of the Middle Ages. More than three hundred years intervened between "infra-atonality" and its alleged synthesis in tonality. But the new scale is supposed to be the formulation of what Debussy and Scriabine created, and they were both dead before atonality was well started. Moreover, it reacted against them as violently as against all other tonal ("tonocentric") music.

The synthesis, then, preceded the antithesis, and the antecedent was partly a reaction against the consequent.

Flaws in historical logic do not invalidate the 12 + 7 scale as a musical idea, but that is only because its validity has nothing to do with historical logic. We can only judge "supra-tonality" after we have listened to music (and a great deal of it) written with the new scale in mind, and performed on instruments that make it possible. If we are not convinced after that, historical logic even sounder than Mr. Yasser's will not convince us. And if our ears do accept it, syntheses and antitheses may interact as much as they please without our even knowing it.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Architecture

The Bright Lights

IT is the habit to speak of a "modern manner" as if there were just one, but already it is divided right down the middle. The Europeans get the Day; we get the Night. You can confirm this in any way you wish. The best way is to look at the pictures. A favorite architectural illustration abroad is of a sunny summer afternoon. There are some bathing girls about, in one-piece suits. They are on a broad terrace, and behind them is a wall of pure glass through which you can see a few tables and chairs inside. Of "building" there is as little as possible, as if it were meant to stay out of the way like the bathing suits.

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*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
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MUSIC

Boston Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Thurs. eve., Jan. 8; Sat. aft., Jan. 10.
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Vladimir Horowitz, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Wed. eve., Jan. 21.
Nina Koshetz, soprano—New School for Social Research—Tues. eve., Jan. 20.
Philadelphia Orchestra—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Jan. 13.
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Roth String Quartet—Town Hall—Wed. eve., Jan. 21.
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This Is New York
A New Comedy by Robert E. Sherwood with LOIS MORAN
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St., W. of Bway. Eves. 8:40. Matinees Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.

Dwight Deere Wiman presents
MARY BOLAND in her gayest Comedy Hit
VINEGAR TREE
PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, W. 48th St. BRy 9 - 2628
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

□ LECTURES □

Dr. Samuel D.
SCHMALHAUSEN
will speak on
"THE CHOICE BEFORE US—
MUSSOLINI—GANDHI—LENIN"
Friday Eve: Jan. 9th at 8:30
COMMUNITY CHURCH
34th St. & Park Ave.
Admission Free

light. I say they seem to, because even in these the days were often distinctly cloudy. There are a few sunsets and mists, and the rest is solid night.

One of the illustrations in particular must have been the artist's favorite. It might be entitled What Hath Building Wrought? Here again is a terrace. It is at about the fortieth story. The time, of course, is night; there has been a party going on, and a few souls, still perhaps a bit hazy with drink, have wandered out to see what, indeed, hath been wrought by building. And it is wonderful. There are solid mountains and chasms, all man-built. This reaches into illimitable distance and loneliness, as vast and solitary as the surface of the moon, all done by steel and electricity.

If you are a city dweller these pictures can be verified in daily life. Sitting here, for example, looking out across the East River at the old rock pile of New York, you will find it unquestionably most beautiful at night, with the thousands of lights. Whatever chaos there may be in the forms disappears in the uniform grill of this star-spangled banner, and patriotism catches at the throat. Here is modernism indeed. Thousands of years went by with their changes of style, but not until this century was there electric light, which, far, far more than the familiar triad of steel, glass, and concrete, has changed the basis of all architecture. This is us.

By comparison, European modernism looks a bit lazy. Not only does New York City probably build more cubage in a year than all Germany, but in the building that they do the Europeans seem to lean too much on mere Nature. Light from the sun, as we know, varies from day to day, and although there is no question that it can be quite useful, yet in a deep building in the middle of a city it interferes with the control of the electricity. Flowers brought into the house involve unhealthy dirt; they fade and die; and there is not nearly so much fun to be had from them as from "painting with light." Indeed, if we were to speak of the split in modernism from another angle, we should say that the Europeans lean on Nature, while we are out to conquer it. Distances they enjoy, but we have annihilated Distance.

At sixty or two hundred miles an hour you can travel to Chicago, where we are preparing a World's Fair that shall illustrate the differences between America and Europe after "A Century of Progress." In the great exhibition buildings windows have been eliminated almost entirely, so that no sunlight shall interfere with the science of illumination. In the Transportation Building there are solid metal walls, but the composition walls of the others are equally sunproof. Heating, ventilation, and all sorts of insulation are of course artificial, and will be nearly perfect.

No Nature interferes with the show. At least not inside. Outside there will be some lake and a few lagoons, but used as a setting for the composition of the buildings rather than for themselves. It is a soil on which trees will not grow, but some device will be invented to make a satisfactory fluff. The chief "natural" exhibit will be a huge metal fountain that can be lighted up at night.

Not the least advantage, of course, is that there will be plenty of work for everyone to do: the illuminating engineers will be busy, and the power companies will shovel coal by the thousand tons for the lights, drawing on our unsurpassed natural resources. When the great show is all over the wreckers will tear it down, and we can begin elsewhere perfectly fresh.

The only thing the Europeans are planning that can remotely compare with it is an exhibition for Cologne in the same year, the bulk of which will consist of skimpy houses, to remain permanently for day-by-day use. Is that a proper celebration of science? Is that their conception of the romance of business?

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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